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THE

ISLE OF WIGHT.

BY

J. REDDING WARE.

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The Photographic Illustrations by

RUSSELL SEDGFIELD AND FRANK M. GOOD.

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Introduction.

THE Iſle of Wight is the paradiſe of bees, flowers, and invalids. Almoſt throughout the year there are bloſſoms for the buzzing bees, who are awake and careering through the air long after their Engliſh brethren have said "good-night" to the year and have hived themſelves accordingly. Even into December, that uſually chilly month (though perhaps, in its early days only), invalids have been known to take conſtitutionals accompanied by parasols and umbrellas, theſe conſtitutionals being taken in the moſt nooky parts of ſuch a natural winter-garden as the unequaled Ventnor. The iſlanders are perfectly aware of the rarity, the exceptional quality of their climate, and indeed they do not take the needleſs trouble to praiſe it very much. The iſland ſpeaks for itſelf. Storms are poſitively rare in the Isle of Wight.

But while the iſlanders are prone to attribute this ſatisfactory ſtate of meteorological things to something very much in the

nature of special proviſion, the leſs enthuſiaſtic ſtranger is prompted to queſtion ſcience upon this point, only, however, to aſcertain that ſcience has no reply whatever to make.

But little attention has been given to the conſideration of this ſubject, and it muſt be left to future phyſical geographers and meteorologiſts to analyſe the queſtion.

The changes in paſſing round the Iſle of Wight are moſt infinite. To the north the ſhores are generally low and inclined towards the main land, for it is here the greedy ſea ſwept into the land, and cut away the iſland from England. Here, on the north, between Hampſhire and the iſle the ſea has ſapped and melted away the land in ſweet ſummer weather; here in winter the high and ſeething waters have bitten out huge titanic mouthfuls, ſucking, undermining, rending. The ſoft, marſhy land has yielded without any reſiſtance beyond its weight and its extent. From the time when the ſea at laſt ſeparated the land, and ſwept round it, another iſland, the water has never ceaſed to abſorb the weak ſtrata lying along the north ſhore. As you walk you can ſee the land yielding. Hark! a ſplaſh, although the ſea is only whiſpering to the faint breeze, and not a human ſound comes near you. It is a piece of the ſoil yielded to its implacable enemy—the ſea; and if you watch, you will mark how the almoſt motionleſs water will melt away and ſlowly level it.

Examine well the yielding land upon the north of the iſland. Mark the fiſſures in the ſoft earth. Here is a wild roſe growing half on one ſide of a crack, half on the other. The ſlow ſummer ſea has undermined the ground it grew upon, and the roots are ſeparating. A few days, and with another ſoft plunge and ſplaſh, half the wild roſe buſh will be engulfed. It will be the turn of the other half this year, or the year that is to come.

Look away a yard over the water. There you ſee a cake of earth, with this year's leaves ſtill flouriſhing, albeit the mother-earth has been ſwept to ſea. How long will the leaves twitter in the breeze? If the waves riſe angrily, the tiny bloſſoming iſland will be ſwept away to-night; if not to-night, to-morrow.

Look farther, and you will ſee laſt year's branches below the water, ſtill clinging to the ſubmerged ground. The branches now bear other fruit than blackberries, hips, and haws; amongſt them floats other life than gnat and midge. Tiny little molluſcs have fixed upon the twigs; they are the young fry of the *frutti del' mare*, of the ſea-fruit that men gather in nets. And in place of the midges you may mark tiny atoms of life floating in and out, and playing at that ceaſeleſs game of catch-catch which the summer flies keep up through all the hours of the day.

There is the tiny world below the water, drawing the lines of its univerſe at high water-mark; and at a diſtance ſo narrow that it evades meaſurement. On the very ſurface of the water itſelf begins the life of the air. And between the two is the land, ceaſeleſsly yielding to the unceaſing ſea, and after ſerving the life of the air through ages—a moment, and yielding to the water, it becomes the immediate home of new ſhapes of life.

But on the ſouth ſide of the iſle the land has warred with the water, and diſputed every grain of chalk or ſtone. On the north, the angry ſea ſweeps over the land, ravening and tearing it away. On the ſouth, the high proud cliffs drive back the imperious water, which, repelled, will riſe in its frothing rage high, it is ſaid, as any lighthouſe there.

The ſea can wait. The cliffs reſiſt, but they muſt yield in immenſe lengths of time. For months, for years, the waters may boil round the Needle rocks, and only a whitened water

ſhall be the reſult, as though the ſea had turned pale with rage at its ineffectual attacks; when, ſuddenly, a mighty wave beats at the rock, and over it heels, the water leaping and screaming athwart it like a thing of life. Then apparently, the waters are appeaſed. Information of the change in the aſpect of the Needles is ſent up to the Trinity Houſe; ſailors grow accustomed to their new form; and the old ſhape is almoſt forgotten, only to be recalled when again the ſea claims another rock.

Within the memory of many of the iſlanders the aſpect of the Needles has changed more than once.

Some day, in a mighty ſtorm, ſuch as appears to rage only once in the courſe of centuries, the whole line of rocks called the Needles will be ſwept away, the cliffs will fall, woods will be engulfed, and a new view of the iſland will be created.

The ſea is never ſtill, never ſatiated, and though the land reſiſts, it is ever yielding bit by bit.

How long ſhall it be before the ſea will ſwallow the cliffs which ſtill defy it? Many thouſands of years may paſs before the cliff above Scratchell's Bay falls, but the cave now being ſcooped into the chalk tells how, in time to come, down muſt fall that mighty rock.

Mantell, in his charming book devoted to the geology of the Iſle of Wight, has given ſeveral pages to an analyſis of the geology from Ryde to Alum Bay—that greateſt wonder of the Iſle. He ſays, "The ſteam-packets from Ryde to Yarmouth paſs ſufficiently near the northern ſhore of the iſland to afford a general view of the outcrop of the ſtrata in the cliffs and bays formed by the inroads of the ſea, and at the mouths of the rivers and eſtuaries. The coaſt from Ryde to Cowes exhibits little or no feature of geologic intereſt. Here and there ſlips

or ſubſidences in the low cliffs have expoſed beds of calcareous marl and freſh-water limeſtone, covered by alluvial clay and loam, along the ſea-bounds of Her Majeſty's eſtate at Oſborne, and of the grounds of Norris Caſtle. Along the ſhore, at low water, numerous foſſils and ſhells, which have been waſhed up, are very often to be met with.

"On the north ſide of Garnet Bay, about two miles weſt of Cowes, the cliffs are compoſed of alternating beds of clay and limeſtone, the latter abounding in freſh-water ſhells. In Thorley Bay ſimilar ſtrata are obſerved, with layers of blue clay and ſand, containing marine ſhells. In ſeveral localities along the whole north ſhore of the iſle, fluvio-marine clays appear on the ſides of the ſloping banks, but the exact ſtratigraphical poſition of theſe beds is concealed by vegetation. They are probably the equivalents of the ſtrata at the northern end of Whitecliff Bay, which contain an intermixture of marine and fluviatile ſhells.

"Beyond Newtown Bay are Hampſtead Cliffs, about nine miles eaſt of Yarmouth, conſiſting of calcareous marls, with the uſual fluviatile ſhells in great abundance.

"Paſſing Yarmouth, and reaching the ſhore oppoſite Hurſt Caſtle, we enter Colwell Bay, where the cliffs exhibit an alternation of marine and freſh-water ſtrata. In the fiſſure called Bramble Chine a thick bed of oyſter ſhells is expoſed, apparently in its original ſtate, the valves being in contact with each other as when the molluſcs were living. This appears to be the equivalent of the oyſter-bed obſervable in Whitecliff Bay. Many beautiful foſſil ſhells may be collected in this locality. In Totland, or Tolland's Bay—the latter title being a corruption—ſimilar ſands, clays, and marls form the cliffs. Thence we reach Alum Bay."

To our thinking, the wonderful parti-coloured ſand and

clay cliffs; in vertical ſtrata, of Alum Bay form the moſt wondrous and beautiful geological puzzle that is to be found in the world of geology. No geologiſt has attempted to account for the ever-varying changes in colour of the ſand-layers, ſome of which are ſo thin that they appear to be the work of only a few minutes' depoſit.

Of the ſtriped Alum Bay cliffs—from an artiſtic point of view—it can only be ſaid that they are ſimply beyond praiſe. Their appearance has been compared to a ſilk of banded colours. The harmony and variety of their tones, their combined beauty, their ſoft ſhadows, their interminable changes grow upon you much after the faſhion of one of Turner's more recondite pictures. Then again, the play of light and ſhade upon the broken ſurface multiplies the tints a thouſand fold. There is no geologic example in the whole world ſimilar to this ſtriped cliff phenomenon in Alum Bay, of the rationale of which all geologiſts appear to be in abſolute ignorance, ſince they make no attempt to explain the puzzle. It is a beautiful myſtery.

And another ſtrange thing about theſe varied ſands is this, that as they mix at the bottom of the glorious cliff, they mingle into the ordinary tone of ſea-ſand, and reſemble that here found upon the beach, and from which ſo good a glaſs is made.

The courſe of theſe parti-coloured ſands may be followed as far as Freſhwater, where, haply digging a hole in a hedge, a ſtream of roſe-coloured ſand ſhall flow forth as though there were magic in it.

Mantell grows enthuſiaſtic in deſcribing Alum Bay:—"The panorama preſented by the ſweep of Alum Bay is quite unequalled throughout the iſland, and probably is not, for equal peculiarity and beauty, ſurpaſſed by any ſtretch of coaſt line in the United Kingdom."

Sir Henry Englefield, an amateur geologiſt, deſcribes the ſpot in the following language:—"The ſcenery of this Bay is very ſuperior to that of any other part of the iſland. The chalk forms an unbroken face everywhere, nearly perpendicular, in ſome parts moſt formidably projecting, and the tendereſt ſtains of ochrous yellow and greeniſh moiſt vegetation vary without breaking its ſublime uniformity. This vaſt wall extends nearly a quarter of a mile, is more than four hundred feet in height, and terminates by a thin projection with a bold broken outline. And the wedge-ſhaped Needle Rocks, riſing out of the blue waters, continue the cliff in idea beyond its preſent boundary, giving an awful impreſſion of the ſtormy ages which have gradually devoured its enormous maſs. The pearly hue of the chalk under certain conditions of the atmoſphere and light is beyond deſcription by words, and probably out of the power of the pencil to pourtray. The magical repoſe of this ſide of the bay is wonderfully contraſted by the torn forms and vivid colouring of the cliffs on the oppoſite ſide. Theſe do not, as at Whitecliff, preſent rounded headlands clothed with turf and ſhrubs, but offer a ſeries of points of a ſcalloped form, and which are often ſharp and pinnacled. Deep, rugged chaſms divide the ſtrata in many places, and not a trace of vegetation appears in any part; all is wild ruin. The tints of the cliffs are ſo bright and varied that they have not the aſpect of anything natural. Deep purpliſh red, duſky blue, bright ochreous yellow, grey nearly approaching to white, and abſolute black, ſucceed each other as clearly defined as the ſtripes in ſilk; while, after rains, the ſun, which, in ſummer, from about noon to his ſetting, increaſingly illuminates them, gives a brilliancy to ſome of theſe ſtrata nearly as reſplendent as the lights on real ſilk. Small veſſels often lie in this bay for the purpoſe of loading chalk and

ſand, and they ſerve admirably to ſhow the majeſtic ſize of the cliffs, under whoſe ſhade they lie diminiſhed almoſt to nothing."

Continuing his analyſis of the geology of the coaſt line at and about Alum Bay, Mantell says:—"Although the unconformable poſition and diſlocated ſtrata at Headon Hill appear at firſt ſight to preſent little correſpondence with the nearly horizontal freſh-water depoſits at Whitecliff Bay, and the richly coloured and variegated ſtripes of ſands and clays on the vertical cliffs of Alum Bay, ſtill leſs to reſemble the dull, ochreous marine beds expoſed in the breaks of the turf-covered ſlopes of that locality, yet a careful examination will ſoon convince the obſerver that the geological characters of this north-weſtern ſection of the eocene ſtrata agree in every eſſential feature with thoſe which ſhould engage his attention at the eaſtern extremity of the iſland. The variegated and deeply-tinted ſands, marls, and clays, which impart ſo remarkable and brilliant an aſpect to the cliff, are between ſeven and eight hundred feet high. The attenuations and variety of the vertical ſeams or layers are almoſt innumerable. The ſands are of every ſhade, of red, yellow, green, and grey. Some are white, and others almoſt black. The clays are equally diverſified."

Mr. Webſter, another hiſtorian of the iſle, remarks:—"The variety of the vertical layers is endleſs, and may be compared to the ſtripes of a parti-coloured tulip. On cutting down pieces of the cliff, it is aſtoniſhing to ſee the brightneſs of the colours and the delicacy and thinneſs of the ſeveral layers of the white and red ſand, ſhale and white ſand, yellow clay and white and red ſand, and indeed almoſt every imaginable combination of theſe materials. In the midſt of this ſeries there are vertical layers of pebbles, and one thick ſtratum, and many ſeams of lignite."

ALUM BAY.

This lignite, it appears to us, points to coal, which has been found and worked on the iſland, but to an unprofitable concluſion. Alum Bay takes its name, it is uſually ſaid, from alum having been found on the beach. However this may be, its coloured ſands are certainly the wonder of the Iſle of Wight. Seen from the water at ſunſet, their wealth of colour, of mingled light and ſhadow, is quite beyond any attempt at deſcription.

And there is another peculiarity to be noticed at Alum Bay, a peculiar pearlineſs of the chalk cliffs which ſurround the bay—this phenomenon being ſeen at certain times and ſeaſons; indeed, at all times there is a ſingular chiaroſcuro to be obſerved in connection with them. Mantell (“*Geological Excurſions round the Iſle of Wight*”)—and his work is the moſt charming book upon geology which has yet been written—quitting the coaſt line, and turning inland says, ſpeaking of the towering downs:—“We ſee two parallel ſweeps of huge hills, ſtretching eaſt and weſt along the whole length of the ſea-bound landſcape. The northern range claims only moderate height, and ſlopes gradually to the ſhore, while it exhibits that ſmoothened, rounded, circle-cutting-circle outline, which at once tells the geologiſt, whatever the embroidery ſuch a landſcape may have upon it, foreſt, graſs, corn, or heather, that the formation is pure white chalk. The firſt line of hills conſiſts,” ſays our author, “of freſh-water ſtrata, which are ſuper-impoſed on the eocene marine depoſits. The ſouthern range of hills claims the greater altitude, the greater length; each point ſeems to be ſtretching higher than its neighbour, and this rivalry may be marked fairly along the whole length of the iſland, from the eaſt promontory of Culver Cliffs to the extreme weſtern Needles.”

Of the geological formation of the ſouthern hills, Mr.

Mantell ſays:—"The ſouthern diviſion is almoſt entirely compoſed of the different members of the cretaceous ſyſtem. The white chalk forms a range of domes from the eaſtern to the weſtern extremity, and is flanked on the ſouth by the lower beds of this formation. Theſe are ſucceeded by another group of chalk hills that expands into a broad and lofty promontory, in ſome parts between eight hundred and nine hundred feet high, headed by St. Catherine's, Shanklin, and Boniface Downs. On the ſouthern eſcarpment of this chain the upper depoſits of the cretaceous ſyſtem reappear, and fallen maſſes of theſe rocks form the irregular line of terraces which conſtitute the Undercliff. The downs on the ſouthern coaſt are ſeparated from thoſe inland by an anticlinal axis, which extends through this part of the iſland, and is produced by the upheaval of the fire-ſtone, gault, and green ſand. The promontory of the Undercliff is flanked both on the eaſt and weſt by extenſive bays, which have been excavated in the clay and ſands of the Wealden and inferior cretaceous depoſits by the long-continued ſapping of the ſea. The Wealden occupies an inconſiderable extent of ſurface; but in Sandown Bay on the eaſt, and in Brixton, Brook, and Compton Bays on the weſt, the cliffs, which are formed of the upper clays and ſands of this formation, are expoſed to unremitting deſtruction from the action of the waves. The ſea-ſhore is therefore ſtrewn with the detritus of theſe fluviatile ſtrata, and the ſhingle contains innumerable water-worn fragments of the bones of reptiles and other organic remains."

The geology of the Iſle of Wight is by no means wanting in majeſty. A ſtudent who deſires to make himſelf maſter of this ſubject will find Mantell an invaluable guide.

A Bird's-eye View and General Deſcription of the Iſle.

IT is from the higheſt of the downs in the Iſle of Wight that a bird's-eye view of the iſle is obtained. Theſe downs or hill ranges vary from four hundred to ſeven hundred feet in height, while one line of hills runs through the iſland "like a back-bone." It is this back-bone which offers, when it is ſurmounted, as glorious a view as any in the whole ſouth of England. Standing on Arreton Down, and looking north-weſt, the eyes mark on one ſide the peaceful palace of Her Majeſty, on the other the remains of the warlike old caſtle of Cariſbrook, with its now uſeleſs loop-holes, and its ramparts covered by nature with that type of civilization—ivy, which creeps over old caſtle and abbey, an ever freſh ſermon upon the vanity of overſtrained power. Men have built to control and defy. Control has been loſt, and defiance is in the duſt, and here is the ivy curtaining the proud ſtone-work.

Below Carisbrook Castle is the metropolis, as we suppose it must be called, Newport; and lying above it the inevitable prison, backed by the heavy solid depths of Parkhurst Forest. Away, on the horizon, may be seen the downs above the Needles, high and towering, and seeming, when seen from the shell of some small boat a mile or two at sea, veritable mountains. Of these rocks—the Land's End of the Isle of Wight—the Rev. W. L. Bowles has sung:—

"On these white cliffs, that, calm above the flood,
Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Here many a lonely wanderer has stood;
And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still eve
Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow; of the friends he loved most dear;
Of social scenes, from which he wept to part,
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,
The world his country, and his God his guide."

A writer, referring to the Needles, very justly says:—"From the chalky nature of this remarkable group of rocks, and of the coast of the island from which they have been detached, continual changes are taking place in their form and disposition. In some places the sea has eaten through them, and formed large and irregular archways; in others, it has so washed away their sides, that they look rather like walls than solid rocks; while deep caverns have been formed in the cliffs which fall in from time to time, and gradually diminish the island in that direction."

Old records of Wight, by the way, teem with statements of the abundance of wild fowl in this part of the isle.

The Needles are now as unlike needles as they well can be,

for they are almoſt as broad at their ſummits as their baſes. But an engraving made even ſo late as 1832–1840, gives the whole range a diſtinctly pointed character.

Let us ſweep round towards the balmy ſouth, and we ſhall ſee the cheery-looking Freſhwater Bay, made claſſic by the reſidence of Tennyſon on the hill above, and charming in itself by the bounty of nature. Now bring the eyes along the coaſt line of chines, themſelves a marvel of contraſtive ſtudy, and—you mark that point!—the Under-cliff, which like a guardian angel, hides white-houſed and parapet-like Ventnor from the view. But you may mark the thin white ſmoke riſing in the air. Still drift along the coaſt line: your eyes are now glancing over the beautiful valley of the iſland—the fruitful valley, wherein neſtles Arreton, and where is harveſted more than the iſlanders can consume.

Elizabeth Wallbridge, a pious peaſant girl, whoſe hiſtory has been ſimply and feelingly narrated by the Rev. Legh Richmond, in a ſmall volume entitled "The Dairyman's Daughter," was born in Arreton, and lies interred in the churchyard.

The church was one of thoſe given to the Abbey of Lyra, by William Fitz-William; and, in the reign of Henry I., when Baldwin de Redvers endowed the Abbey of Quarr, he either gave the manor of Arreton, or procured it for his new foundation, to which it belonged till the abbey was diſſolved. The church, which is dedicated to St. George, is an ancient edifice, conſiſting of a nave and chancel, with a ſouth aiſle. In the aiſle, is an ancient plate of braſs, on which is the effigy of a man in armour, with his feet on a lion; and underneath is this inſcription:—

Here is ꝑ buried: under this graue,
Harry Hawles: his ſoule God ſaue:
Longe tyme ſteward: of the Ile of Wyght:
Haue mcy on hym: God ful of myght.

There are alſo ſome handſome monuments to the Holmes family; that to Sir Leonard Worsley Holmes is peculiarly worthy of attention; the ſculptor, Mr. Haſkoll, was a native of the iſland.

Arreton Farm-houſe is a good ſpecimen of the Jacobean domeſtic architecture.

From Arreton Down may be enjoyed a proſpect of wonderful beauty,—hamlets ſhining among leafy copſes, venerable manor-houſes and ancient farmſteads, meadows and uplands, ſtreams, groves, and ſhadowy combes. On its ſummit a few years ago, two conſiderable *tumuli*, or barrows were opened, and many intereſting relics exhumed. St. George's Down is quite claſſic ground. Here, in the days of the Earl of Southampton (1607–9), was a famous bowling green, "railed in" at the coſt of the gentry of the iſland, and a ſort of ſummer-houſe, maintained in a bountiful faſhion. "I have ſeen," ſays Sir John Oglander, "with my Lord of Southampton at St. George's Down, at bowls, some thirty or forty knights and gentlemen, where our meeting was then twice every week, Tueſdays and Thurſdays; and we had an ordinary there, and card-tables." Wyndham ſays, "This is the moſt centric elevation of the iſland. It is unconnected with any other hills, and the plain upon its top may be a mile in length. The views from it are not ſo excluſive as thoſe from the higher hills, though they are ſufficiently varied to arreſt, occaſionally, the progreſs of a paſſenger, and, particularly, on the ſpot where the whole length of the Newport river diſcloſes itſelf, from that low town even to the harbour and ſtreets of Cowes."

Now let us return to our bird's-eye view.

To your left is Brading Harbour, honoured by the memory of noble Sir Hugh Myddleton, who tried ſo bravely to give London good water. And now another turn will bring Ryde

ARRETON, FROM THE DOWN.

and Cowes into view. And thus in a few ſentences, we have carried you round the iſland, and given you a bird's-eye view from one of its higheſt points. And thus having, after a manner, introduced you to the Iſle of Wight, you will permit us to come down from our ſtand-point.

The principal river, and it is not a very wide one, is the Medina, from the Latin *Medius* it is ſaid. This river very fairly divides the iſland into halves, to which have been given the diſtinctive titles, east and weſt Medina. But we may add that when the guide-books deſcribe the Medina as dividing the iſland into halves, it muſt not thereupon be ſuppoſed that there are two Iſles of Wight. In fact the river only cleaves the iſland at its wideſt part one third of its width. However, if a line be taken ſouth from the riſe of the Medina, and in continuation of the direction of the river, which flows due north, it will certainly very fairly make the diviſion roughly deſcribed to be achieved by the one water-way to which the iſlanders have the hardihood to apply the term river. To be ſure there is the eaſtern Yar, flowing into the almoſt-lake called Brading Harbour, and the weſtern Yar (for it is a peculiarity of the iſland that whatever place there is on the weſtern ſide is duplicated in name on the eaſtern, of courſe with the ſubſtitution of eaſtern for weſtern) which flows into the Solent at Yarmouth. In neither caſe can the ſtranger quite tell where the river is, and when he has found it he diſcovers that, a lateral brook or two apart, he has arrived at the ſource. But the rational touriſt cannot expect to find Miſſouries and Miſſiſſippis in an iſland which is only ſixty miles in circumference.

The weſtern Yar forms Freſhwater into a peninſula. In fact, the Isle of Wight is quite a primitive leſſon in phyſical geography, while at the ſame time the hiſtory of its political geography is abſorbing in intereſt.

But though the iſland is charming in itſelf, it is looked upon with gravity by all paſſing mariners. Bembridge Point, the Foreland, Dunnoſe, Eaſt End, Rocken End, St. Catherine Point, Atherfield Point, Brook Point, the Needles, and Headon Hill—theſe are words aſſociated with fearful wrecks and hair-breadth eſcapes, to the liſt of which every winter throws its fearful contribution.

Perhaps the moſt remarkable and diſtinctive landſcape features of the iſle are the chines, a diſagreeable term, but one pre-eminently forcible. There has been ſo much wordy conteſt over the derivation of this deſignation, that it is only wiſely judicious to maintain ſilence upon the point. Charles Knight paſſes by the queſtion to describe the natural object itſelf. That lucid writer ſays, "The chines are deep fiſſures which have been cut in the cliffs by the action of a ſtreamlet falling over the ſummit. All of them have the ſame general features. There is a wide opening ſeaward which contracts inland with more or leſs rapidity, according to the hardneſs of the rock, the greater or leſs quantity of water which ordinarily falls over, or other circumſtances. In ſome caſes the ravine reaches for nearly a mile inland, and is loſt at length in the ordinary bed of the brook; in others, it terminates abruptly in a waterfall. Although the ſtream muſt in every inſtance be regarded as the chief agent in cutting the chine, its enlargement is perhaps as much, or more, owing to other influences. The action of the waves during great ſtorms, when the ſea is driven violently againſt the cliffs, has tended conſiderably to enlarge the opening of the chines, while the landſlips, which continually occur after ſevere froſts, muſt have cauſed the ſteep ſlopes to fall in from time to time. But the deepening of the chines is always brought about by the ſtream, as may be obſerved in any of them where meaſures are not taken to prevent the conſtant wearing away of the rock."

But no human meaſures can in the wealth of time prevent nature from her work. A ſkilful wall, a well-made brick-built water-way, may arreſt the eating down of the land by the running water, but it will laſt only a hundred years or two, and then patient nature will again work on.

But it is the botaniſt, the being who in friendly opposition to the geologiſt, ſeeks the lateſt of heaven's work, as the geologiſt—and all honour to him—ſeeks the earlieſt, who will find in the Iſle of Wight that he has been very ſpecially provided for. Very early in the ſpring, and only two hours' journey away from Hampſhire, he may find ſnowdrops and crocuſes in full bloom, when on the main-land thoſe daring flowers, with all their courage, have not ventured to raiſe their heads. A little later in the ſpring, when not a leaf is fairly out upon even the ſycamore tree, ſhrubberies will be found radiant with little floral ſtars, for the greater part white, and often the ground will be all a-tangle with wild ſtrawberry, while the primroſes have grown ſo large on all ſides that they ſeem to be flowers which have come of age.

It may be ſaid of the Iſle of Wight, that here you may find examples of the entire Engliſh flora, if not even of the floras of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, with one of its own added. Eſpecially are the ordinary ſea-beach and ſea-ſide hill flowers to be found in perfection.

Flowers ſcarcely know what winter means in the iſle. When nature has retired for the ſeaſon in England, and mats are being put about pet plants in the neighbourhood of places even ſo ſoutherly as London and Canterbury, away in the more favoured parts of the iſle, fuchſia, geranium, and myrtle are ſtill throwing out bloom. Indeed, flowering plants appear to think that their hardeſt working time of the year is about the period when, in other localities, vegetation,

except of a very ordinary and market-gardening character, is going to reſt. You get wild flowers, dale flowers, hedge flowers, foreſt flowers, ſand flowers, creepers innumerable, and ivy beyond convenience. Leaves on the trees are thicker than elſewhere, nettles grow higher; you may find heather on the broken downs; and now and again a ſharp-eyed botaniſt goes to the iſle and is ſure to find one or two new varieties which have never been ſeen there before, and which have not been found in any other part of the United Kingdom.

Here we cannot enumerate the wonders of the Iſle of Wight flora; we refer our readers to the *Flora Veſtenſis* of Dr. Bromfield, whoſe work has been edited and added to by Dr. Bell Salter. But a few revelling ſentences may be permitted us. A botaniſt, or rather a floriſt—for the iſle is rather the ſublunary heaven of the lover of flowers than the devotee of plants—will read the following lines with much the ſame reliſh that a judge of wines will read the cellar-book of a great wine collector.

Does the reader devote himſelf or herſelf to Botany? Then let him ſeek the neighbourhood of Rookley, Freſhwater, Alverſtone, Thorley, Shanklin, Quarr, and Cariſbrook. There may be found the *Oſmunda*, the *Bog-pimpernel*, and *Bog-aſphodel*; *Utricularia minor* (near Newchurch); *Utricularia major* (Freſhwater marſhes); *Trichomanes* (Cariſbrook and Quarr); the *Adder's Tongue* (Thorley and Eaſt End); and *Ruta Muraria* (Freſhwater and Calbourne).

Cloſe in by the ſea, between Ryde and Sandown, one is certain, at the fit and proper times, to be hailed by the *Sea-ſide Ruſh*, *Drop-wort*, the *Smooth Sea-heath*, *Sea-holly*, *Yellow Centaury*, *Sea Mat-graſs*, and *Nottingham Catch-fly*.

Go to Newport and Cariſbrook, and you will certainly find *Arabis Hirſuta*, *Red-berried Briony*, *Autumnal Gentian*, *Grammitis Ceterach*, *Leaſt Toad-flax*, and *Butcher's Broom*.

At Culver Cliffs are found the *Portland Sponge* and *Orobanche* (*Broom-rape*); at Binſtead the *Broad-leaved Helleborine;* upon the downs around Ventnor the *Orchides* (*Ophrys Apifera* and *Ophrys Muſcifera*); and the *Bee-Orchis* may be gathered at Quarr and Binſtead.

"From the variety," ſays an eminent phyſician, "which the Iſle of Wight preſents in point of elevation, ſoil, and aſpect, and from the configuration of its hills and ſhores, it poſſeſſes all things that can render it a highly favourable reſidence for an invalid, and a habitat for innumerable flowers."

Poets, doctors, floriſts, touriſts, all combine in unceaſingly praiſing the Iſle of Wight.

It has a metropolis, of courſe—Newport; and the number of pariſhes in the two Medinas is——but of what avail ſhall it be that the reader learn the number of pariſhes? He would forget the numerals before he had turned the leaf.

It is more to the purpoſe to point out that, culminating all its natural advantages, the Iſle of Wight poſſeſſes a "Governor of the Iſland." But it muſt be conceded that his duties are merely nominal, for the age is againſt ſmall governments, divided authorities, and its powerful neighbour the county of Southampton, otherwiſe Hampſhire, has abſorbed the iſle for "all general purpoſes," as they expreſs it in the inſula. However, the Iſle of Wight returns two members to Parliament—one for the iſland, and one for Newport.

Of the principal towns we ſhall have to ſay ſomething in chapters methodically devoted to each; but we may at once add, that the Iſle of Wight is a perfect little community in itſelf. It not only poſſeſſes its governor, but it has its municipal organiſation, its priſon, its poor-houſe—euphoniouſly called "The Houſe of Induſtry,"—and its military eſtabliſhments. No leſs than three thouſand ſoldiers form the complement at Park-

hurſt barracks. The coaſt-line is dotted with forts, the greater number uſeleſs, while perhaps the fineſt, and at the ſame time uſeful military work completed within the Iſland boundaries conſiſts of the ſplendid, direct, and ſcientific military highway running along the ſouthern length of the iſland from Freſhwater Bay to the out-crop of the Undercliff. It was this part of the iſland which was unfortified. Portſmouth protected an approach by way of Spithead; Hurſt Caſtle and Yarmouth forts any advance upon Portſmouth through the Solent; while the Undercliff was a natural protection half-a-ſcore of miles in extent. Brading, and the downs above it, protected the eaſt of the iſland. Only the frequently ſloping land between Freſhwater and Ventnor was utterly unprotected. During the time of the invaſion panic, now ſeven or eight years ſince, ſhrewd military men recalled to their memories how, in a comparatively recent—certainly within the modern hiſtoric—period, the iſle had been held by an enemy, and the ſcheme of the military road was brought forward and put into execution. It was accompliſhed with marvellous rapidity. Certainly it blocked the weak point in the Engliſh line of ſouthern fortifications. A hoſtile army, once poſſeſſed of the Iſle of Wight, a march to Ryde would place it within five miles of the great arſenal at Portſmouth. The formation of this road was, therefore, the reſult of a maſterly idea. The road is not uſeleſs, though fortunately it has never been applied to what may be called its legitimate uſes, ſince it forms a new direct road for the farmers. And this in itſelf is a benefit. Indeed the Iſle of Wight, looked at from a military point of view, is now merely an outwork to Portſmouth. But we prefer to look upon it from a more peaceful ſtand-point, and regard it not as a field for warfare, but as the flower-garden and convaleſcent hoſpital of all England.

Some Account of the Political Hiſtory of the Iſle of Wight.

WHEN the antiquaries have eſſayed to ſettle the derivation of the word Wight, the variation of opinion has been, as it remains, moſt ſtartling. The ordinary man, who has thought upon the ſubject, has often arrived at the concluſion, that the iſland being more or leſs ſurrounded by high cliffs of dazzling white chalk, the iſle gained its name Wight thereby, ſome allowance being made for orthography, ſeeing that white muſt be a very old Engliſh word, ſimply becauſe the names of colours are amongſt the firſt to be formed in a language, and the laſt to be loſt. And this ſingle argument might be ſtrengthened by the recollection that England is abroad, very generally called Albion, owing to the dazzlingly white aſpect afforded by thoſe ſouthern cliffs which are the firſt ſpecimens of the country preſented to the foreign view.

But the antiquaries have permitted no ſuch ſimple derivation to ſatisfy them. The Romans called the iſland Vecta, or Vectis, and the antiquaries maintain that Vecta has been corrupted into Wight. They will not hear of the ſuggeſtion, that probably Cæſar and his followers and ſucceſſors may have corrupted Wight into Vecta; a corruption which would be much after the proceſs by the uſe of which our land came to be called Britannia.

Other antiquaries hold that Wight comes from an old Britiſh word, Guith, pronounced probably like "white," and which meant a breach or diviſion, in this caſe referring to the ſea dividing the iſle from the mainland. But under theſe circumſtances it is difficult to comprehend why the term was not applied to the channel rather than the iſland. Both antiquarian ſides, however, are agreed that the arguments of each are ſupported by the entries in reference to the iſland which are to be found in "Domeſday Book," where the reader has the choice between Wect, With, or Wict, a variety which is a good example of what corruption in pronunciation will effect even in one generation. It ſhould however be urged that probably theſe three variations in the ſpelling of the name of this iſland were almoſt ſymphonious; the firſt, no doubt, was pronounced "Wet," the ſecond and third "White."

Antiquarianiſm, like moſt other ſciences, is continually drifting towards ſimplicity, and therefore we need have little heſitation in urging that the primitive name of the iſland, given to it by that wonderful exodus of peoples from various points on the ſhores of the Mediterranean, which flowed up the outer coaſt of Spain, Portugal, and France, and thence peopled the Britiſh Iſles, gave, in the firſt place, as a maritime people, a name, the equivalent of our "white," to the iſland, a term the reſult of the firſt obſervation made by thoſe early navigators

whoſe deſcendants we in a great meaſure muſt be. We may fairly believe that however the name may have been ſpelt, through Roman, Saxon, Norman, and Engliſh ages, the pronunciation has always been "white." Primitive names ſhould be the landmarks of the antiquary. Amongſt primitive names, thoſe of hills, rivers, and iſlands are moſt marked for their perſiſtency. The word "*pen*" (hill or mountain,) is ſtill uſed over the whole of that portion of Europe where the races found by the invading North European had placed their feet. We poſſeſs a very ſtriking and ſingularly recent example of a deſignation adhering to a great phyſical outline, deſpite the influx of new races. The names of almoſt all the North American rivers, and of many of the States, remain Indian, albeit in many States the Indian blood has utterly ceaſed to circulate. Miſſiſſippi, Miſſouri, Ohio, Maſſachuſetts —all theſe names are purely Indian. Who can ſuppoſe that upon the tongues of the millions theſe names can be changed?

Upon theſe arguments we baſe this claim—that the Iſle of Wight retains the name given it by the firſt human race which landed upon its ſhores and peopled it—an out-going, ſea-loving, blue-eyed race, who ſaw that the iſland was white, and called it "Wight."

It does not appear to be known when the ſeparation between the iſland and the mainland took place, a ſeparation which after years of patient working may have been made in a ſingle night. But it is juſt poſſible that the converſion of the peninſula of Wight into the Iſle of Wight may have been effected by the mighty ſtorm which ſwept along the Channel in 709. In that fearful cataſtrophe, Jerſey, which was then a peninſula joined to the coaſt by ſeven miles of iſthmus, in parts two to three miles wide, became an iſland in one night. The ſtretch of ſeven miles was engulfed only to the depth of ſome few feet, but

the ſea gained its victory. Once England muſt have been wreſted in a ſimilar manner from Europe, at the point where a line would ſtretch between Dover and Calais. Only half a century ago, a ſhell-encruſted bank, ſeen diſtinctly in the ſhallow water, marked the place of a row of trees, which in 709 fringed a brook drowned in that great ſtorm, which divided France from the feudal holding of Jerſey. This row of trees formed the boundary line, ſeparating the Jerſey from the Norman fiſheries; and only half a century ſince, or a little more, in a great law-ſuit between the Jerſey and the Normandy fiſhermen, in a French law court, this veritable old boundary line below the ſea was brought forward as a natural witneſs againſt the encroaching French fiſhermen. The Jerſey netmen won the day, and to this hour they maintain their rights, founded upon a bank of ſea-ſhells formed over a row of trees which was carried down into the ſea more than a thouſand years ago. Suffice it to learn, that in ſome mighty convulſion of nature, the ſea, poſſibly combined with volcanic action, did overwhelm the iſthmus connecting the now Iſle of Wight with the Engliſh ſoil, and ſeparated it from the mother-land for ever.

"Art," ſays an author, writing of the iſle—"Art, here, as in ſome other caſes, yields to nature the palm of ſuperiority. Nay, ſo perfect is nature in theſe parts, that it is maintained the rate of mortality amongſt thoſe born on the iſland, living and dying there, is lower than of any ſpot in the United Kingdom. The general returns, however, including deaths of invalids, or of people who have taken up their abode in the iſle as a forlorn hope, to obtain a little longer leaſe of life, bring up the death per centage to quite the average for the whole of England. The true Wightman is very much hurt in his ſelf-love by this collective reſult; but on the other hand he is by no means averſe to the benefits which are derived by the inflow of

wealthy and liberal people, who poſſeſs apparently all the bleſſings of worldly life, with the exception of that health which alone makes the reſt endurable.

Timber was at one time plentiful over a greater part of the iſle, but the vicinity of a great dockyard, which until almoſt to-day was crying perpetually for wood, wood (the demand has now changed to one for iron) is not a guarantee for the ſafety of foreſts. Portſmouth has effectually thinned the timber of the iſle. What woods there are, apart from private grounds, are mere tenderlings ; their thinned ſhrubberies, once oak and elm—the favourite woods of the navy—gave the iſle umbrageous ſhadow and broken lines of ſweeping landſcape. The oaks have long ſince ſailed away over the oceans, and the elms are down, but the garden of England ſtill remains true to the words Scott wrote of another ſpot—

> "The roving ſight
> Purſues its pleaſing courſe o'er neighbouring hills
> Of many a different form and different hue ;
> Bright with ripe corn, or green with graſs,
> Or dark with clover's purple bloom !"

It is only within the laſt twenty years that the general belief has been cleared away that, before the Roman invaſion, the Iſle of Wight, in common with all England, was inhabited by barbarians. Archæologiſts are now beginning to diſcover, that to accept abſolutely as truth in relation to the primitive race who peopled the Britiſh iſles, all or any part of what has been ſaid by paſt writers, is to err. Antiquarians are beginning to experience the good effects of the uſe of induction, and to diſcover that a perſonal inveſtigation of what remains of the early races, together with the indirect and unintended evidence offered by the one important writer upon this ſubject, leads them to the concluſion that to infer the Briton was a

ſavage, even in the earlieſt known times, is to be greatly miſtaken.

It is a matter of deeply-rooted tradition in Ireland, that the country was once ſo civilized that human life was at all times ſafe, and in all parts of the land; while the much diſcuſſed round towers afford inevitable evidence of ſomething like a ſtate of civilization at the time of their erection, becauſe a large building is in itſelf evidence of an advanced, a ſettled, and a non-migratory life. Thence we infer, in reference to Wight, that it was in the firſt place peopled by civilized coloniſts from ſouthern Europe, that thence this early people flowed over the ſouth of England, and ſo on to the north. We ſubmit that when Cæſar arrived off the coaſt of ſouthern England he met, not an army of barbarians, but forces of diſciplined men, forces no doubt inferior in military and civil education to the Romans, but not therefore ſavages.

It goes for nothing that Cæſar calls the Britons barbarians. It is a term which was equally applied to all people not within the pale of the Roman civilization, and therefore it may be accepted as of no more value than the ſimilar term applied to us by the Chineſe and Japaneſe, and under preciſely ſimilar circumſtances, thoſe of being beyond the boundaries of China and Japan.

It is not to be expected that Cæſar, writing for Rome, will allow that the Britiſh did certainly drive back the Roman vanguard, as the men compoſing it leapt into the ſhallow water in which the galleys were anchored. But it appears to us, quite ingenuouſly, he tells how his ſoldiers were confounded by the novelty of the warfare oppoſed to them. Now novelty is not a characteriſtic of ſavage warfare, while Cæſar had certainly had experience of war with people of primitive and barbarian character.

There can be ſcarcely any doubt that the chariot-warfare diſplayed by the Britiſh, the marvellous ability with which the knight ran along the ſhaft of the chariot and caſt his javelin, did drive back the Romans, not by the ſavagery of the reſiſtance, but by its comparative evidences of art and civilization.

But the reſiſtance offered by the Britiſh is not the only evidence we have that previouſly to the arrival of the Romans they were not wild men of the woods. Cæſar writes, telling how his ſoldiers were gathering corn from the fields, when the foraging party was fallen upon and ſlain. Now this act takes place almoſt immediately after the Roman landing, and therefore before the Romans had gained any opportunity of engrafting their own civilization upon the conquered people. Here then, we have the evidences of ſtrategic war, and of comparative agriculture in favour of the theory that the people of the Britiſh Iſles at the time of the Roman Conqueſt were not in a ſtate of mere barbariſm.

But there is another unqueſtioned ſhape of internal evidence of the early civilization of the Britiſh Iſles, and one to which only a few years ſince the Iſle of Wight, after the lapſe of almoſt two thouſand years, contributed its atom of proof. We refer to the readineſs with which the Britons accepted the Roman rule—a readineſs which appears to us to be proof poſitive of one civilization at once rationally accepting another because a higher civilization.

In modern hiſtory we know that conquered nations aſſimilate themſelves to the conquering, and therefore more civilized people, in exact proportion to their own previous civilization. As an example, let us point to the conqueſt of the Red Indian by the American, and the partial conqueſt of Japan by the Engliſhman. In the firſt caſe the Indian is rapidly dying out, for the whites conquered no civilization. In the ſecond, the

Japaneſe, although only a partially conquered people, recogniſe the value of that civilization which has thruſt itſelf in amongſt them, and they are gradually accepting all that is good in European thought and modern life.

We maintain that the early Britons were prepared to receive Rome. The Roman remains, very few as they are, prove that a very extended civilization, widening into the ſhape of cities upon ſpots which are now mere wilderneſſes or ſmall villages, over a great extent of England did exiſt. Amongſt whom? The Romans themſelves were no more coloniſts than are the French of to-day. They did not conquer to find ſpace for the people of their overgrown cities or provinces. They conquered as a military people, with whom it was a neceſſity always to keep large ſtanding citizen armies, which had to be ſpread over the whole of the empire, but which, upon neceſſity ariſing, could be concentrated upon a given ſpot.

It could not be for the few thouſands of ſoldiers ſtationed in England that the vaſt baths were built, the remains of which are being found every year, and in the moſt out-of-the-way places. Then if theſe Roman baths were not for the conquerors, they exiſted for the accommodation of the conquered, and we therefore arrive at the concluſion that at once the Briton accepted the Roman rule, and that the acceptation was a proof of a comparatively anticipatory civilization.

No Roman remains having been found in the Iſle of Wight, the concluſion was taken and maintained that the Roman power had paſſed over the iſle as valueleſs—unimportant; when, by accident in a garden in the very centre of the iſle, and suggeſting a little metropolis even in thoſe early days, the remains of the teſſelated floor of a Roman bath were found, a bath not ſo large as to ſuggeſt the idea that it was a public one, but

sufficiently extenſive to juſtify the ſuppoſition that it muſt have formed part of an eſtabliſhment of much importance.

The diſcovery of that Roman bath in the garden of Cariſbrook pariſh parſonage, perhaps the very ſite of a Roman temple, at once admitted the Iſle of Wight within the grandioſe if unknown hiſtory of the Britiſh Iſles under the Romans, a hiſtory which has to be written, and which will effectually diſpoſe of the belief ſtill generally held, (even by Macaulay,) with regard to early Britain, a conviction, it is to be feared, grounded for the moſt part, as far as this generation goes, upon Goldſmith's ſtupidly bad tranſlation of Cæsar, by which in our youth we were taught to believe that the Briton wore his hair long, lived in caves, ate roots, and painted himſelf blue.

There have of courſe always been evidences throughout the iſland of the Celtic race. Villages and earth-works of very early date may ſtill be traced around Gallibury, Newbarns and Rowborough. Nor is the iſle wanting in many ſpecimens of thoſe tumuli or mounds which form one of its great archæological puzzles. Theſe barrows are found in poſitive abundance at Brooke, Afton, Chillerton, and notably upon Mottiſcomb Downs. At Brixton is to be found a huge cairn, while many of the laſt reſting-places of this early people, about whoſe origin the learned diſagree, but who probably came from the eaſt by way of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, are met with at Shalcombe, Bembridge, Wroxhall, St. Catherine's and Aſhey.

Opened, theſe barrows are found to contain urns of baked clay (evidences aſſuredly of the application of fire to the dead), varying in size and ſhape, and bronze celts, a ſort of chiſel, an implement proving beyond queſtion that the owners were workers in metal, or at all events had dealings with artizans of that character.

Cæsar ſpeaks of the Belgæ, a Celtic tribe, as landing upon

and taking poſſeſſion of the iſland (B.C. 85). But it may be doubted whether Cæsar made this ſtatement upon any ſtronger baſis than hearſay. It is far more rational to aſſume that the iſland, in common with Britain, as the large army which reſiſted Cæsar proved, had been peopled through many generations, perchance centuries, and that the germs of civilization the early ſettlers brought with them had been foſtered and advanced.

However, only a few years after the grand tragedy, culminating upon Calvary, had been played out, in A.D., 43-45, we know that Veſpaſian brought the Iſle of Wight under the light weight of the Roman yoke.

Some knowledge of the populous condition of Britain about this time may be gained from the fact that Veſpaſian engaged in thirty battles, and reduced twenty towns before the Britons of the ſouthern provinces yielded once again to the Roman power, liberty being ſweet though bondage bring luxury. Although therefore the Britiſh accepted the Roman civilization, they again and again threw off the Latin bondage, until through the paſſage of a few generations, they became veritably Roman in thought and life, ſo that when the fierce hungry Saxons poured down upon them they turned quite naturally for help to imperial, yet trembling Rome herſelf.

By the year A.D. 240, the Britiſh ſubjection to Rome was complete. By A D. 292, the firſt Britiſh fleet, anchored off the Iſle of Wight, was ready to give battle in a bad cauſe, for Conſtantius, the Roman Emperor, having been diſpoſſeſſed of Britain in the firſt place by Carauſius, and afterwards by Allectus, he equipped a powerful fleet, and ſailed from Gaul for Britain. Upon this occaſion the Britiſh fleet failed, for a miſt completely hid the Roman galleys, and the legions were landed along the Engliſh coaſt without oppoſition.

And theſe particulars are all that we can find in the Roman

literature which refers to the little Iſle of Wight. But recent inveſtigations, which are ſtill in their infancy, have diſcovered remains of Roman villas at Clatterford and Brightſone; the ſquare outline of a Roman encampment near Bonchurch has been ſwallowed by the ſea within memory, and at one point of the iſland there are ſigns of an old Roman pottery. Let ſome wiſe man found there another pottery, for your Roman potter never uſed other than good clay.

Near Ventnor, the birth of yeſterday, which has no name in maps of the iſland of forty years ago, remains of Roman villas have been found; and now that the hunt for ſuch remains is in full cry, we have little doubt not a year will paſs during which ſomething ſhall not have been added to the hiſtory of Rome in the Iſle of Wight.

The Rev. James White, however, has carried the Latin theory very far. That gentleman says, "Many traces of Roman occupation are ſtill to be ſeen in the neighbourhood of Ventnor. Wiſe men indeed (names not given), tell us that the dark hair and brilliant eyes of the natives of this diſtrict are derived from a Roman anceſtry." We rather ſuppoſe that, as in Wiltſhire, ſo near Ventnor, the ancient Celtic characteriſtics remain almoſt utterly unchanged.

The Rev. E. Kell ſays, "There are, beſides, many roads called Streets, which if not always planned by the Romans were adopted by them. Theſe ſtreets have, by their unuſually large number in the iſland, the impreſs of extenſive Roman reſidence. Thus, parts of the adopted Britiſh tin road from north to ſouth are called Rue Street, North Street, Chillerton Street, and Chale Street. On the weſt there is Thorley Street and Street Place. On the eaſt, Arreton Street, Bembridge Street, Haven Street, and Play Street; and again, Elderton Street and Whippingham Street from north to ſouth in the Eaſt Medina.

There is ſome appearance of arrangement in the roads running from the north to the ſouth, and of a reference to Cariſbrook Caſtle as a centre, in the ſtreets from eaſt to weſt."

No, the iſland was not a barren waſte in the time of the brilliant Romans. They muſt have found the iſle a northern paradiſe—a place, in part reminding them of Italy. They found out the genial Ventnor—ſweeteſt of names—and built their villas under the friendly protecting Undercliff. They built fortifications; therefore, they founded towns, and here, as elſewhere, they obtained power. But in return they were tolerant, pleaſant maſters, giving good leſſons which bear their inherited fruit even to this day.

During the Roman occupation, that pompous four hundred years of the iſland's hiſtory, which did its work and died, the Roman ſhape of civilization was dying out and yielding to the Chriſtian thought; for we hold that Rome never morally declined, but has riſen over tyranny after tyranny, as ſhe has always done, as ſhe will always do, whatever the ſhape of oppreſſion. During thoſe peaceful four hundred years the iſlanders were protected upon the one condition of contributing their fair number of young men to the Roman army. Then Rome called her ſoldiers home, and a time of wretchedneſs and deſpair ſwept over the land.

> "Too oft has this fair iſland been the ſcene
> Of fierce contention, maſſacre, and blood.
> The ſword—great orphan-maker of the world!
> Borne by the Saxon and the rugged Dane,
> Laid waſte for centuries the peaſant's cot,
> Filling each field and plain with heaps of dead,
> And making every verdant valley bluſh
> A crimſon hue!"

By 520 all hope of peace was at an end. In that year Cerdic and Cynric (both Jutes) fell upon the Iſle of Wight, and ſlew all before them up to Cariſbrook. The Roman in-

ſtruction had taught the iſlanders how to defend themſelves, and they fought bravely; but they were a docile people, who had been at peace through centuries, cultivating the fields, and making pottery for the Roman market, or oyſter fiſhing for the great city on the Tiber. The Jutes were men who fought, as it were, after leaving burnt bridges and boats behind them. They were human birds of prey who knew that if they did not conquer they muſt die—that there was no home behind them—that they muſt hew out a preſent and a future with their ſwords.

The Jutes were not driven out of the iſland.

A hundred years, and then approached the firſt of thoſe blood-thirſty cruſades through which the Chriſtian religion, ſo mild in origin, has had to paſs. It is a miſtake to ſuppoſe that the cruſades were begun in the time of Peter the Hermit, in the eleventh century. They commenced almoſt immediately after Conſtantine had accepted and adopted Chriſtianity—whether from policy, or conviction, or the force of ſuperſtition, we ſhall never know.

The Iſle of Wight was one of the firſt ſpots to feel that Chriſtianity could have a heavy hand. In 661, Wulfhere, king of Mercia, one of the very earlieſt of the Saxon kings to fight confeſſedly for the Chriſtian faith, overthrew Cenwalt, or Kenwalt, king of the Weſt Saxons, paſſed through Weſſex, now Hampſhire, and croſſing over to the iſle, very quickly ſubdued it, probably owing to the fact that the iſlanders, ſtill clinging to the hereditary remembrance of the comparatively benignant Roman ſway, cared little to defend themſelves in favour of the reigning Jutic family; and Ædelwald, king of the South Saxons, the land now called Suſſex, having about this time accepted Chriſtianity from the conqueror's hands, the victor gave him, as a baptiſmal preſent, this ſame Iſle of Wight,

under the expreſs condition that he converted the people of his new province to the new religion. To this end the freſhly-crowned ſovereign was helped by one Eoppa, a propagandiſt. But the people, who had moſt readily yielded to a change in the temporal government, clung deſperately to the luxurious and ſeductive religion which was then all that remained to them of the old peaceful Roman dominion.

But the early march of Chriſtianity was inevitable, for it was enforced by the ſword. Through twenty years did the iſlanders hold their own, and then, ſword in hand, "Cædwalla, king of Weſſex, aided by his brother Mul," ſays Henry of Huntingdon, "praiſeworthy and gracious, terrible in power, and excellent in perſon, beloved by all, and of a wideſpread favour, did ſubdue the iſland, and cauſe the iſlanders to accept cheerfully the faith."

However, when we aſſume that the iſlanders adhered to the Latin mythology, and refuſed to accept Chriſtianity, we are only uſing an aſſumption, which takes ſhape from the belief that the iſlanders could not have remained four hundred years under the Roman ſway, without acquiring a taſte for the poetry and beauty of the Latin faith, as compared with the horrors and myſteries of their earlier beliefs.

But moſt authorities diſtinctly maintain that the religion conquered by the Chriſtian was the Druidic faith. The chief authority for this ſtatement is the work of the venerable Bede, who has given an account of the converſion of the iſland in very quaint, charming phraſes. But it muſt not be forgotten that Bede ſimply compiled from Saxon chronicles, written unqueſtionably by monks. Nor are his ſtatements borne out by any internal evidence.

Now, as the Romans rarely interfered with the faith of any people they conquered, it is poſſible that the Druidic form of

worſhip may have prevailed. By the way, we have no doubt the horrors of Druidiſm have been greatly exaggerated, though, at the ſame time, undoubtedly human ſacrifices were made, as they were conſummated, for that matter, probably in all the religions preceding the Chriſtian. Yet at the ſame time the attractions of the Latin mythology, through ſuch a ſtretch of time as four hundred years, muſt have had enormous weight in influencing the religious thought of the people. The venerable Bede says, "After that Cædwalla had conquered the kingdom of the Geriſſi, he alſo ſubdued the Iſle of Wight, A.D. 686, which up to that time had been abandoned to idol-worſhip; and he ſought to exterminate the natives by a terrible ſlaughter, and in their place to eſtabliſh his own followers. And he bound himſelf by a vow, although not then regenerated in Chriſt, that if he gained the iſland, a fourth part thereof, and of the ſpoil, he would dedicate to God. This vow he fulfilled by beſtowing it, for God's ſervice, upon Wilfred the Biſhop, who was preſent with him. Now, the meaſurement of the ſaid iſland, according to the English ſtandard, being twelve hundred families, there was given unto the biſhop the land of three hundred families; and the portion which he thus received he intruſted to the care of a certain one of his clergy Bernuin, his ſiſter's ſon; and he gave him a prieſt named Hildila, that he might preach the word, and adminiſter the waters of life to thoſe who ſhould deſire ſalvation.

"Now, I think it ſhould not be paſſed over in ſilence that, amongſt the first-fruits of thoſe who were ſaved in that iſland by belief, were two princely youths, the brothers of Arnald, king of the iſland, who were crowned with the ſpecial grace of God; inasmuch as when the iſland was menaced by the enemy, they took to flight and croſſed over into the next province of the Juti, and being conveyed to a place which is

called *Ad Lapidem* (Stone, or Stoneham), where it was thought they might be hidden from the ſearch of the victorious monarch, were foully betrayed, and doomed by him to death. Whereupon a certain abbot and prieſt, named Cyniberct, who governed a monaſtery not far diſtant, at a place which is called *Hretford*, that is, *Redford* (Redbridge), went to the king, who was then concealed in that neighbourhood, that he might be healed of wounds received while fighting in the Iſle of Wight, and beſought of him, that if it needs muſt be that the young princes ſhould die, at leaſt he might firſt be ſuffered to adminiſter to them the ſacraments of the Chriſtian religion. To this the king conſented; and the prieſt having taught them the word of truth, and waſhed them in the waters of ſalvation, rendered them ſure of admiſſion into the kingdom of heaven. And ſo, when the doomſman appeared, they gladly endured a temporal death, not doubting that thereby they would paſs to the eternal life of the ſoul. Thus it was, that after all the provinces of Britain had accepted Chriſtianity, the Iſle of Wight alſo received it, though, on account of the heavineſs of foreign domination, no one was appointed to the miniſtry thereof, nor to the biſhop's ſeat, until Danihel, now biſhop of the Eaſt Saxons."—*Bede*, *Ecc. Hiſtory*, iv. 16.

But the hiſtorian does not mention the fact that the converſion was not a very coloſſal achievement, for that Cædwalla had put all the wretched iſlanders to the ſword with the exception of three hundred families, who accepted the new faith as an exemption from death. Indeed, if Druidiſm greatly prevailed up to the ſeventh century, and then required for its deſtruction, in one of its laſt ſtrongholds, the almoſt total extermination of its adherents, it muſt have been poſſeſſed of ſome principle of attraction totally unknown to us.

And now that long peaceful ſtretch of time, deſignated

the Roman occupation, muſt have paſſed away even from the memory of the iſlanders. Never, from the time of their converſion to that faith of peace which in its early ages was ſo utterly a faith of war—never from that date until comparatively recent years, were the iſlanders free from invaſion. We have already ſeen how, only a few years ſince, when the great queſtion of fortifications was agitating England, it was at once determined that the Iſle of Wight muſt be protected by a great military road—ſuch a work that it has not been approached by any military achievement in the iſland ſince the exodus of the Romans.

It may be ſaid that between 787 and 897, the iſland was never free from plunder and deſolation. The commercial proſperity of the iſland muſt long before theſe dates have wholly departed.

And now as the commencement of the feudal ſyſtem frequently threw king and feudal baron into oppoſition—the fatal poſition of the Iſle of Wight told againſt it. An angry lord, fleeing from the ſway of a king, took refuge in the iſland, and pillaged it; or ſome half-outlawed Norman lord came over and laid it waſte. Then, when either of theſe encumbrances was driven out by the legitimate king, there was more plunder, more bloodſhed—and no relief, except death, was to be found.

So many were theſe onſlaughts that they are not even chronicled; and it is not until we come to the year 1052, when William of Normandy was looking eagerly towards England, and Edward, entitled the Confeſſor, was living that weak but pure life which obtained for him his diſtinction, that we again find hiſtorical mention of a mercileſs raid upon the Iſle of Wight. It is now Earl Godwin, who, being an exile and an outlaw, obtains a fleet from the Earl of Flanders, ſwoops upon the poor little iſland, and ravages it of what remained worth the

taking away. The excuſe for this murder and rapine was grounded upon the allegation that the iſlanders had been very civil to the Normans, the great favourites of Edward the Confeſſor, who had not himſelf behaved with ſufficient civility to the Earl Godwin.

It is a ſufficient proof how utterly mercileſs were the acts of the Danes upon the Iſle of Wight—how far apart from civilization—that there is not the fainteſt evidence of their ſtay upon the iſland. They ravaged, laid waſte, created a wilderneſs, but could not colonize, and turned their backs upon the land, only to return when the wretched inhabitants had once more, by peace and induſtry, made it produce wealth ſufficient for the ſtealing.

However, the knowledge of the arts and ſciences taught by the Romans could never have totally died out, for glaſs was manufactured by the iſlanders, and ſtone worked in the time of the Saxons, from whom aſſuredly the Wighters learnt no fine arts. As the time neared to that degenerate period, when once again a Latinized race was to contend with the Saxon people, who had to ſome extent ſupplanted the original Britiſh, and eſpecially upon the eaſtern and ſouth-eaſtern ſhores, the Iſle of Wight became a mere debateable ground for the two parties—on the one hand that of Godwin, who repreſented the eſſentially Saxon intereſts; on the other, of Edward the Confeſſor and his Norman favourites. During the laſt few years of Edward's life Earl Godwin may be ſaid to have been the king of the Iſle of Wight, for he became paramount upon the iſland. And it is a ſufficient proof of the ineffaceable energy and activity of the iſlanders that, notwithſtanding the inceſſant ravages of their land and poſſeſſions through four hundred years, ſo far were they from deſpair that they, by their induſtry, were able to proviſion Godwin's fleet, and even to afford men to make up the complement of his crews.

The Saxon Chronicle, which of courſe paints the acts of the Saxons in the brighteſt colours, ſays, in reference to this imminent period in the hiſtory of England:—"In 1052, Godwin did, with his ſons Sweyn and Harold, land upon the iſland, but they did not much evil, except that they ſeized proviſions. But they drew unto them all the land-folk by the ſea-coaſt, and alſo up the country." Other chronicles paint this incurſion in very different colours, albeit thoſe of the Saxon Chronicle are ſufficiently dark.

A few years, and the laſt of the Saxon incurſions upon the iſland was effected. Once more Britain was under the control of a Latinized race, and from its influence, whether for good or bad, it was never again to be freed.

Harold, the laſt Saxon king—who had no more right to the throne, except the blind right of force, than the next ſwineherd, and who was falſe to the true Saxon heir, Edgar Atheling, as he was unfaithful to the promiſes made to William of Normandy—held high court in the iſle ſome ſhort time before the fatal ſtriſe at Senlac, afterwards called Battle; and the Saxon falling, William of Normandy reigned, and the Saxon ſyſtem of ravaging warfare was annihilated.

The character of the incurſions made into the iſland now changed. Fire and ſword, in the hands of a Norman, William Fitz-Oſborne, once more ſwept over the ſcrap of land ſurrounded by the ſea, but the policy of the Normans was not that of the Saxons. They did not lay waſte, with the full intention of "raiſing" what they could, and of then departing. This incurſion was rather a policy of feudaliſm, a policy by which a people was effectually ſubdued and held in a ſort of ſlavery, but which, at the ſame time, though blackened by many ſhameful conditions, did offer ſomething like a bargain

to the people, and did certainly tend to bind a lord and his ſervitors into a ſhape reſembling that of a family.

Whether the dukes of Normandy were French or not, whether the Normans were French or not, matters little. However, if neither lords nor people were Gallic in blood, if they were really Scandinavian, it is difficult to aſcertain by what means they came to uſe the Gallic language excluſively, to the utter extinction of the Scandinavian form of ſpeech. Still more difficult is it to comprehend by what ſuperhuman means a people could throw off its language and take to another. And, again, the queſtion muſt ariſe, why ſhould a people give itſelf the trouble—aſſuming them to have the power—to change the language? And what end was purpoſed to be gained by ſuch an unpatriotic determination? Let all this be as it may, it is certain that the Norman conquerors were the heritors of the Latin policy. They did not devaſtate to leave, they devaſtated to conquer and remain.

Throughout the Saxon Chronicle, in its relation with the iſland, we find no evidence that the Saxons benefited Wight in any way whatever. But the hour in which we find Fitz-Oſborne conquering the land, in that ſame hour we find the promiſe of benefit held out to the iſlanders. The Norman comes with fire and ſword, with his terrible feudal rights, with his conſcioufneſs of being a king in *petto*. He carries with him the power of life and death, of enforcing mightieſt obedience: the ſavage foreſt and gamelaws follow in his train, many of which ſtill exiſt, the plague and worry of almoſt every country gentleman. But, exactly as the Norman paſſed the night at the battle of Haſtings, in prayer, while the Saxon ſwept through the hours ſhouting and drinking, ſo this conqueror, Fitz-Oſborne, in ſubduing the iſland, once more brings in his wake, prayer, and the peace of prayer. He appropriates

the land to his own uſe and profit, he divides it amongſt his more immediate followers, upon conditions of the military attachment of themſelves and all upon their land to his own perſon; but he founds a ſtately priory in the ſweet valley of Cariſbrook, and ſoon ſeveral churches are riſing heavenwards. Then follows a company of Ciſtercians.

In theſe days, when the miſſion of monks is fulfilled, and the learning, of which they were the centres, has ſwept onward upon the dominant wings of the printing preſs, when we only look upon monkery from the miſerable point of view it preſented at the time of the Reformation, when the bad policy of the head of the Roman Church, through two hundred years and more, in forcing temporal power upon the ſpiritual, had borne its fruit of corruption and wickedneſs—in theſe days we are apt to look upon the whole monkiſh ſyſtem as thoroughly rotten at all times and under all circumſtances.

No belief can be more utterly without foundation. Monaſteries were the only practical ſchools of the middle ages; and indeed, can it be more clearly proved that monks muſt have been high-claſs men, than by ſignalling the fact that it was a monk who led the Reformation. Luther was no layman, no hard-headed citizen who had never uſed a breviary; on the contrary, he was a monk who had crept into a monaſtery, overwhelmed by the death of a friend ſtruck dead by lightning, as he and Luther were walking in a field—and had lived twenty years a monk. Never did Luther condemn the good work of a monk; he but condemned the monſtroſities of a perverted religion.

The monks taught the Chriſtian world all it knew up to the time of the invention of printing; then, as far as his ſcholaſtic uſe went, there was an end of the monk. His firſt work was

the teaching of agriculture, and, therefore, it will be found that every monaſtery throughout England is planted in a fertile valley and by a running brook that can turn a water mill, which mills, for the greater part, ſtill remain. But it is not any the leſs a fact, that the monks were the firſt millers, the firſt farmers, and, in all probability, the firſt cattle-dealers. To this day, monks, in various parts of the world, drive very excellent trades in various rare and unrivalled manufactures.

And ſo, though Fitz-Oſborne brought fire and ſword to the Iſle of Wight, he arrived alſo with many peaceful arts. Soon the ſweet bells were calling to prayer, ſoon the fields were being cultivated in new and proſperous ways, ſoon fruit was growing in the monaſtery gardens, and flowers, many of them ſince become wild in the fertile ſoil, began to charm the iſlanders.

For two hundred years from the date of the conqueſt the hiſtory of the iſland is one of peacefulneſs. Nay, it is ſaid it even became a refuge to that moſt miſerable of men, King John, who ſo very fortunately came to the throne of England; and we ſay very fortunately, becauſe the advent of a weak and therefore unjuſt king, is the opportunity of the people. Certainly, John Sans-terre—and he died true to his early name—was chronically attracted towards the conſtitution, exiſtence, and defenſive value of iſlands; and indeed, he granted to Jerſey, in order to ſave the Jerſeyites from yielding to the ſway of their powerful French neighbours, ſuch a remarkable charter that in all probability it was the form upon which was framed the great Charter whence England dates her national liberty.

If John really took refuge in the Iſle of Wight during his feeble fight with barons and pope, aſſuredly the inſulars kept well his royal ſecret.

But two hundred and a ſcore of years being paſt, the paternal

ſerenity and peace of the iſlanders—ſerenity and peace bought at the ſole expenſe of feudal fidelity to the reigning lord of the iſland—were ſwept away: the iſlanders were again to experience thoſe woes of ambitious contention which have always inevitably fallen upon the people, whichever ſide became victorious.

In 1293 Edward I. purchaſed the feudal rights of the lord of the iſle, and from that time the iſland loſt its individuality and became part of England. It was too near the main land to reſiſt. Could it have been further from the land, it might have bargained, as did Jerſey, with King John. It might, in common, have obtained all the advantages which both France and England had to offer, and rejected all the diſadvantages—a poſition in which the Channel Republic remains and is likely to remain. But Wight was figuratively only a stone's throw from the main land, and its individuality was taken to market and ſold for £4,000, money of that day, equal in value perhaps to £20,000 of to-day. The "perſon" who ſold the feudalities of the iſle, it must regretably be ſtated, was a lady, Iſabella de Fortibus, "Lady of Wight," to whom the lordſhip had reverted only the year previous to the ſale, by the death of her brother, one Baldwin, fifth Earl of Devonſhire, and Lord of the Iſle of Wight.

It is ſaid this lady died on the very day upon which ſhe completed the extraordinary contract which barred her family from the rights of ſovereignty; they muſt have been of reſpectable character, for it does not appear that they expreſſed any belief that their head had been poiſoned as a very complete way of ſealing the compact. Nor does it appear that any reaſon was aſſigned for this ſtrange and diſloyal act on the part of the lady.

The Hiſtory of the Iſle

FROM THE DATE OF ITS ANNEXATION TO THE ENGLISH THRONE.

FROM the hour when Iſabella de Fortibus ſold the Iſle to the Britiſh Crown, to the preſent time, it has been governed, under the reigning houſe in England, by a line of Cuſtodes or Wardens, who in early times really poſſeſſed ſome power, but whoſe authority gradually, almoſt imperceptibly dwindled, until even ſo far back as the time of the Stuarts, the Wardenſhip was little more than an honorary appointment. In our days the Warden, now called the Governor, enjoys a comfortable ſinecure.

However, the family of Iſabella de Fortibus did not yield the point of poſſeſſion with feudal readineſs. The next heir, Hugh de Courtenay (and the Courtenays of to-day may well be proud of an anceſtor who could deny the juſtice of a Plantagenet of the fourteenth century), proteſted before the body of barons againſt this alienation, and he maintained that undue

influence had been uſed to obtain the conſent of the heireſs. A brave man, but raſh; for what ſubject, not being of the royal family, ever obtained a decided victory over a Plantagenet? However, the court had the decency to allow the attempt on the part of the Courtenays to continue through a ſcore of years, and then a deciſion was gravely given in favour of the Crown.

In the time of Edward II., the iſle fell upon very evil times, for that deplorable king, exerciſing his accuſtomed idiocy—and the act was in itſelf ſo imbecile as to be almoſt an example of courage—gave the lordſhip of the iſle to Piers Gaveſton, who accepted the office to honour it by being an abſentee. As the world knows, the barons having then held power through the great charter for a century, and being the deſcendants of thoſe who had conquered the weak John, finding a ſtill weaker monarch in Edward II., ſo effectually proteſted againſt Gaveſton, that Wight was ſoon relieved from its new warden by the ſummary proceſs of aſſaſſination: and now the king beſtowed the lordſhip of the iſle upon the Earl of Cheſter, afterwards Edward III., then about ten years of age.

By this time France was ſtrong enough to be menacing towards England, and therefore the Iſle of Wight was a point which called for immenſe watchfulneſs. The governor, expecting the iſle would be attacked by the French, was ſufficiently foreſeeing to order the building of twenty-nine beacons, and two watch towers, at equi-diſtant points, ſo that information of the anticipated invaſion might, in the event of its attempt, at once be flaſhed over the iſle. We are furthermore told that the valiant young prince made many wiſe regulations affecting both the clergy and the laity in reference to the proviſion of men and arms.

As the ſagacious prince foreſaw, the French landed, and even reached Cariſbrook, deſpite the beacons and the pre-

cautions. But, the Caſtle reached, the fortune of the day turned, and the French were not only thoroughly beaten, but driven back to their ſhips with great loſs.

The iſland then had some breathing ſpace until the next weak prince filled the throne, to wit, Richard II., when once again the French contemplated a raid upon England, with Wight for a ſtarting-point.

But by this time intercommunication was in ſomewhat an advanced condition, and the conſequence reſulted that in addition to the regular defence of the iſland, which conſiſted of nine companies of militia, which therefore made nine hundred men-at-arms, reinforcements had arrived, not only from Southampton, but even from London.

And it muſt be admitted as a portion of the hiſtory of the Iſle of Wight and the reſt of England, that once again the French landed, and ſo ſucceſsfully, that they deſtroyed, without impediment, the towns of Ryde, Yarmouth, and even Newport. However, the enemy was once again to fail before the walls of Cariſbrook, which they very valiantly and perſiſtently attacked.

It appears that the Engliſh waited for the enemy at Cariſbrook, abandoning the deſtroyed towns with a readineſs it is quite impoſſible to admire or excuſe, and as upon the previous occaſion, the invaders were driven back. But only after a vigorous ſiege and great loſſes; and their final overthrow was, in a great meaſure, due to the ſucceſs of an ambuſcade on the part of the iſlanders, who laid in wait for the enemy on their way to ſurpriſe the Caſtle at its weakeſt point, and were ſo fortunate in overcoming them, that the roadway in which the maſs of the French fell, is emphatically called to this day "Deadmen's Lane," while the mound of earth raiſed over the ſlain, who were buried in a heap, gave a name to the hill,

the ground of which received them—that of Noddies Hill, to this day called Node Hill, though we confeſs we are at a loſs to comprehend the appropriateneſs of the title.

However, the defeat of the French before the caſtle was not a final victory. They ſtill remained maſters of the iſland, the Engliſh continuing ſhut up in the caſtle, while the enemy were ſufficiently powerful to levy a contribution amounting to one thouſand marks, as a bribe for the preſervation of the remaining towns. An oath was alſo demanded and obtained by the French, upon their quitting the iſland, that, ſhould they return within twelve months, the iſlanders ſhould hold them to be their maſters.

The Gauls did not again show an appearance until the following century, when Henry V., plaguing France with his raſh and ambitious wars, the French very naturally retaliated. The Iſle of Wight, always a ſufferer through tradition—poſſibly as much as poſition—once again was harried by the French hoſts.

But by this time England was beginning to ſhape herſelf into a warlike power, and a preſence in the face of Europe, for hitherto ſhe had been regarded as only a ſecond-rate power compared with France, Spain, and Auſtria, and much to the ſurpriſe of the Gauls, they were driven from the iſland, not only with great loſs, but after relinquiſhing what little booty they had ſeized in the ſhape of cattle.

And this was the firſt occaſion upon which the iſlanders had depended rather on themſelves than their caſtle, in the face of an incurſion into their garden iſland of an armed enemy.

A few years later the iſlanders were able to parley with an invading French force, and to offer the enemy fair fighting terms; for the French landing, and demanding a uſual ſubſidy

in the name of Richard II., the iſlanders replied that Richard was dead, and his fair queen Iſabella ſent honourably back to France, there being no queſtion of ſubſidy; yet, nevertheleſs, if the French decided to try what they could do, they were at liberty to land to the laſt man before the fighting commenced, and then take ſix fair hours' reſt and refreſhment, when, if they would, French and Engliſh could have a ſet-to.

Never was warlike offer fairer than this; but the French were uncivil enough to decline the ſpirited invitation, bade the iſlanders a courteous good-day, and once more ſailed ſouthward.

Almoſt another century-and-a-half then paſſed before the French made another attempt on the little iſland. This event occurred in the reign of Henry VIII.; the iſlanders were by that time becoming too well organiſed to admit of much ſucceſs, but they managed to land upon the iſland, and having ſeized all they could, and before the alarm had reached even Cariſbrook, much leſs the main land, they beat a diſcreet retreat.

The iſlanders were now pleaſed to furniſh themſelves with war machinery, which we find deſcribed in the records of the iſland as "parochial artillery," a proceſs which was effected by each pariſh faithfully ſubſcribing one piece of light braſs ordnance, to be held at the full diſpoſal of the French, and this inſtrument was parochially kept either in the pariſh church itſelf, or in a ſmall building expreſſly erected in its honour.

In theſe days we wonder at what appears to have been the uſeleſſneſs of diſtributing cannon, or, as the archives have it, ordnance, over the iſland after the manner of a diaper, when evidently the more rational way would have been to keep gunnery upon the coaſt line. But it ſhould not be forgotten

that every parish was for itself, and it could be no great comfort to Shalfleet if its ordnance helped to keep the French off Yarmouth, but at the same time drove their enemies farther up the coast, so as to enable them to swarm down from the Solent upon the village of Shalfleet itself.

No doubt the origin of the furnishing of this parochial artillery was based on the long-handed-down memory of the battle of Crécy, the success of which must have been due, in a considerable degree, to the novel use of cannon. The English prestige in relation to artillery, aided in the first place by the mysterious Friar Bacon, certainly remained known to the English and feared by the French until a comparatively recent period—that of Charles II. This king, being the paid vassal of Louis XIV., the consequent carelessness of the English Government, and the unequalled power of the French king, enabled our neighbours, who were at the time perpetually at war, temporarily to outstrip us. Perhaps it need not be said that since the days of Charles II. we have recovered position in the race of war and victory.

It is just possible that this provision of artillery was one of the very earliest attempts made systematically to defend the southern coast of England. It is said that towards the end of the last century, some sixteen or eighteen of these parochial protectors were still in existence, but in the reign of Victoria no man knoweth of their whereabouts.

Pennant, in his "Journey from London to the Isle of Wight," says that the necessary result of this introduction of artillery was to make of many of the islanders excellent gunners. The parishes were liberal, for they provided carriages to the guns, and did not even expect the Government to pay for ammunition. Particular farms, or rather farmers, were also charged with the duty of finding horses to

drag theſe machines; though it muſt be admitted the requirements were not great, ſeeing that the ordnance was of very low calibre, ſome pieces being only as high as ſix-pounders, while others fell to the inſignificance of one-pounders.

The defenſive movement, having now very practically been initiated (we have no doubt by the Worſley of that day), it began to aſſume royal dimenſions, for Henry VIII. commanded the erection of the building politely called Yarmouth Caſtle, which ſtill ſtands at the mouth of the Yar. The period of the erection of this remarkable edifice is that of the alliance between Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles V. of Spain, a time when Henry had not diſcovered that his marriage with Katherine of Arragon was inceſtuous, an alliance which of courſe once more threw England and France into oppoſition. For Spain and France were the great continental powers, and England gave the ſupremacy of power exactly as ſhe declared for one or the other.

In 1541–3, when the Spaniſh alliance had long ſince been blown to the winds, when the Spaniſh princeſs was dead, Anne Boleyn headleſs, Jane Seymour in the grave, Anne of Cleves divorced, and Catherine Howard gone to the block—when Henry had not only become the great tyrant of Europe, but was breaking in health and the power of enjoyment—he viſited the iſland, making one of thoſe royal progreſſes diſtinguiſhed by the ruin of the gentry he honoured with his preſence. Henry was the gueſt of Richard Worſley, of Appuldurcombe, the then captain of the iſland, who was equally honoured and overwhelmed by his royal viſitor. The King went to the iſland oſtenſibly to hawk, a ſport he dearly loved while he could find a horſe capable of carrying him.

This Richard Worſley, a good man and true, who had readily fallen in with the ſcheme of the Reformation, held his

own as captain of the iſland through the remaining years of Henry VIII. and the weak ſhort reign of Edward VI., when upon the acceſſion of Mary Tudor he was diſmiſſed in diſgrace. It therefore need hardly be ſaid that when Elizabeth aſcended the Engliſh throne, Richard Worſley once more became a man of power, who willingly acquieſced in the Queen's direction "to care for the increaſe of Harquebuſey in the Iſland." The queen poſſeſſed, hereditarily perhaps from her father, ſome love of hawking, and ſhe made it a matter of ſpecial truſt to the governor, "that the hawks of Culver be not deſtroyed." In Culver Cliffs, at that time, was a breed of hawks, the remains of which are ſtill to be found in Wight.

And now the iſland obtained a comparative reſt, until the Spaniſh Armada threatened it, in common with the reſt of the Britiſh ſea coaſt. In our days we can have no conception of the enormous power Spain wielded in the ſixteenth century; indeed, we may venture to aſſert that the Spaniſh maritime ſupremacy was far greater in that era, than now is, comparatively, our own in the nineteenth. For it muſt be remembered that if we poſſeſs a leading navy, both France and Ruſſia are not unprovided with the means of ſea warfare. But in the time of Elizabeth, the Engliſh marine was only budding into power. Indeed, it may be urged that the victory over what remained of the huge Armada after the great ſtorm which almoſt annihilated it was the origin of the ſupremacy we enjoy.

The Spaniſh was the one fleet in exiſtence, and it muſt not be forgotten that there was a large party in England which was ſtill favourable to the oſtenſible cauſe for which the Armada was equipped—the aſſertion of Catholiciſm.

Sir George Carey was captain of the Iſle of Wight at that momentous time, and there can be no doubt of his ſtaunch

adherence to Elizabeth, for he was not only in favour at court, but he was a ſecond couſin of the Queen's—his father, Lord Hudſon, having been Anne Boleyn's nephew. Now Wight roſe as one man, and put its forts, and parochial artillery, and ſtrong men in order. Sir George himſelf appears to have been a man of much foreſight—doubtleſs he had thoroughly at heart the dreary experience learnt by the iſlanders through many generations, that whenever England was threatened by an enemy it was always the Iſle of Wight which was the firſt point to attract the invader.

The preparations appear to have been entered into with remarkable readineſs by the Wighters. But Sir George was not popular with the gentry, and they conſtrued theſe preparations into covert attacks upon themſelves, and into implied doubts of their fidelity. Macaulay perfectly comprehended the growth of ſuch a feeling, for that hiſtorian recogniſes that there remained much Catholic leaven in Britain, and which roſe and demonſtrated itſelf the moment Spain took active ſteps to oppoſe the Proteſtant religion in the United Kingdom, as ſhe had previouſly only too effectually oppoſed it in the Netherlands.

Sir George Carey's manner was haughty and repellent. Whether this mode of conducting himſelf was the reſult of natural bias, or a conſequence of his near relationſhip to the crown, it is quite beyond queſtion that, while he created averſion amongſt the inſular gentry, after events in hiſtory prove that this feeling could not have been the reſult of a general tendency to ſympathiſe with the Spaniſh attempt, but of veritable perſonal diſlike to the man himſelf. The gentry even went the length of drawing up a petition of remonſtrance to the Lords of the Council, by whom it was diſmiſſed ignominiouſly.

THE NEEDLES, FROM SCRATCHELL'S BAY.

The Wight gentlemen however were not eaſily thwarted, for upon intelligence of their defeat reaching them, they framed a forcible letter, which was addreſſed to Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, the then Lord Chancellor, he who had, ſaid ſcandal, been helped to the woolſack by the elegance of his manner and the ſprightlineſs of his carriage.

The gentry, at the ſame time, in the moſt loyal faſhion forwarded a letter to Sir George himſelf, containing the information that Sir Chriſtopher had been written to. Carey anſwered the communication with more logic than courteſy.

The hiſtory of the diſpute between Sir George Carey and the gentry of the iſle remains to be written, ſhould the materials ever be found upon which ſuch a work could be accompliſhed. But looking back upon the evidence of fact, we are compelled to come to the concluſion that Sir George was practically right, and the gentry practically wrong. This concluſion is confirmed by the fact, that it was Elizabeth's policy, whatever might be her perſonal deſire or diſlike, to keep the right man in the right place. Sir George remained maſter of Wight long after the Armada panic, if panic the fear of that powerful fleet can be termed—a certain proof that his captaincy was good. And, indeed, we hear of no more complaints levelled at him. But there is other evidence of his good rule, and ſuch as will at once go ſtraight to the heart and comprehenſion of every Engliſhman. It is that given by Sir John Oglander, who in his memoirs offers good teſtimony in favour of Carey. He wrote no later after Elizabeth's time than within the firſt dozen years of James I.

"In Queen Elizabeth's time," ſays Sir John, "money was as plenty in yeomen's purſes as now in the beſt of the gentry; and all the gentry full of money and out of debt. The market, full of commodityes, vending themſelves at moſt high rates.

Prizes and men-of-war at the Cowes, which gave great rates for our commodityes, and exchanged other good ones with us. If you had anything to ſell, you ſhould not have needed to have looked for a chapman, for you would not almoſt aſk but have; all things were exported and imported at your heart's deſire; your tenants rich, and a bargain would not ſtand at any rate. The State was well ordered; we had in a good manner wars with Spain and peace with France; and the Low Countrymen (Hollanders) were our ſervants, not our maſters. Then it was *inſula fortunata*, now it is *infortunata*."

Sir John, however, reſerves the grand proof of the ſucceſs of Carey's government, in connection with Elizabeth, as a final argument.

"I have heard," ſays Sir John, "and partly know it to be true, that not only heretofore there was no lawyer or attorney coming into owre iſland, but in Sir George Carey's time, an attorney coming to ſettle in the iſland, was by his command, with a pound of candles hanging att his breech lighted, with bells about his legs, hunted owte of the iſland; inſomuch as owre anceſtors lived here ſo quietly and ſecurely, being neither troubled to London nor Wincheſter, ſo they ſeldom or never went owte of the iſland; inſomuch as when they went to London (thinking it an Eaſt India voyage), they always made their wills, ſuppoſing no trouble like to travaile.

"The Iſle of Wight, ſince my memory, is infinitely decayed; for either it is by reaſon of ſo many attorneys that hath of late made this their habitation, and ſo by ſutes undone the country (for I have known an attorney bring down after a tearm *three hundred writts*, I have alſo known *twenty niſi prius* of our country tried at our aſſizes, when as in the Queen's time we had not *ſix writts* in a yeare, nor *one niſi prius* in ſix

yeares) or elſe, wanting the good bargains they were wont to buy from men-of-war, who alſo vended our commodityes at very high prices; and readie money was eaſy to be had for all things. Now peace and law hath beggared us all, ſo that within my memorie many of the gentlemen and almoſt all the yeomanry are undone."

A few years later, about 1635, good old Fuller remarks that "the Iſle of Wight hath no monks, lawyers, nor foxes!" But then he wittily adds, that the ſaying "hath more of mirth than truth in it!" Captain Groſe obſerves, at a later period, reſpecting this ſelf-ſame proverb, that "it was very improbable there ſhould be a fertile, healthy, and pleaſant ſpot without monks—a rich place without lawyers—and a country abounding with lambs and poultry of every kind without foxes!"

But all theſe witticiſms about lawyers and monks, like moſt popular witticiſms, are referable to a far earlier date than the ſeventeenth century.

Aſſuredly there is ſufficient proof in the anecdote of the attorney to prove Sir George Carey's promptitude.

Sir John Oglander, on the contrary, appears in a weak poſition when he confounds the buſtle of war and its over-demands, with the activity of peace and its over-ſupplies. There can be little doubt that the Iſle of Wight grew in proſperity, in common with the reſt of England, through that wonderful firſt half of the ſeventeenth century, when the people, who had hereditarily reſted content upon the laſt national liberties accorded through the Reformation, were bracing themſelves together to reſtrain the exceſſive powers of the Stuart kings. During the time of the Plantagenets, the people had a ſort of rough power to control the king by reaſon of the fact that, to a certain degree, the ſoldier and the tax-payer were one and the ſame man. But the advance of

civiliſation, which has always tended to divide labour, was in England, and in the ſeventeenth century, (as generally over the face of Weſtern Europe,) ſeparating the tiller of the ſoil from the ſoldier. Regular armies were drifting into ſhape, and the yeoman was taking alarm as he ſaw the gradual concretion of a new power, which had no intereſt in the State beyond the unſelfiſh one of nationality, and whoſe ſervice was devoted rather to the princes than to the people.

At the commencement of the outbreak between Court and Commons, Jerome, Earl of Portland, was Captain of the iſle. It was his misfortune, as it was the miſtake of many Cavaliers, during that terrible fight, to puſh forward the diſtinctive faults of the Cavalier as his peculiar diſpoſitions, and ſimply becauſe thoſe faults broadly proteſted againſt the auſterities held in theory, if not always put into practice by the Puritans, and upon which the oppoſite party naturally ſought to throw ridicule. Portland at once threw himſelf into the moſt demonſtrative form of the Cavalier, and ſo evidently, that the courtly Clarendon, mentioning the Earl in his hiſtory, concedes this much of blame, that he ſpeaks of "his extraordinary vivacity."

Thoſe of the iſlanders who held to the Puritan theory were outraged by the Earl's public conduct, and ultimately he was removed from the wardenſhip. Clarendon, who is perhaps one of the faireſt and moſt liberal of the Cavaliers who have written concerning the firſt parliamentary rebellion ſays:—"The Parliament threatened the Earl of Portland that they would remove him from his charge and government of the Iſle of Wight (which laſt they did *de facto*, by committing him to priſon without aſſigning a cauſe), and to that purpoſe, objected to all the acts of good-fellowſhip, all the waſte of powder, and all the waſte of wine in the drinking of healths, and other acts

of jollity, which ever he had been at, in his government, from the firſt hour of his entering upon it."

But while many of the iſlanders applauded the removal of the vivacious Earl, others led by the gentry, with the greater part of whom cavalierſhip was a poſitive neceſſity, petitioned for his reſtoration to his poſt. At the ſame time a declaration of adheſion to, and faith in the Parliament, was forwarded.

But party ſpirit was rapidly riſing far above compromiſe. Moſes Reed, Mayor of Newport, declared firmly in favour of the Parliament, and boldly aſſerted that Newport was not ſafe while the Caſtle of Cariſbrook, frowning above the town, remained in the poſſeſſion of Colonel Brett and the Counteſs of Portland. This Colonel had been appointed commandant of the garriſon by the King himſelf, while the Counteſs, calculating upon the intereſt ſtill ſhown in her huſband by thoſe of the iſlanders who had ſigned the petition for the reſtoration to his poſt as Captain of the iſle, had, inſtead of quitting Wight, taken refuge, together with her five children, in Cariſbrook ſtronghold. With the peereſs, in this military ſanctuary, were her huſband's brother and ſiſter.

And now the ſanguinary troubles of the iſle began. Wight was to play its part in the tragedy which ended in that final ghaſtly ſcene outſide Whitehall.

The Commons were antagoniſtic to any ſhape of royalty, and having iſſued orders to the captains of all ſhips lying in the Medina to give the mayor full aſſiſtance, Moſes Reed placed himſelf at the head of the Newport militia, and with his ſmall force of landſmen, aided by about four hundred marine rather than naval auxiliaries, abſolutely he marched upon the caſtle.

The events of that day afford a chapter in the hiſtory of the Iſle of Wight which is moſt ſtimulating. Warfare has

always brought out examples of the utmoſt female courage and heroiſm. The hiſtory of the Iſle of Wight is not deſtitute of a heroine. She was the ſelf-impriſoned Counteſs of Portland, who appears to have put the paſt-named Colonel Brett completely in the ſhade.

The Mayor, ſummoning the caſtle to ſurrender, ſhe advanced to parley. The condition of ſtraits within the caſtle is a ſtriking example of the utter unfitneſs of Brett for the command he held, and which he appears finally to have made illuſtrious by the reſignation of his poſition to a gueſt; for the caſtle was proviſioned for only three days, while it was moſt inſufficiently garriſoned. No doubt ſuch a ſhort reſiſtance might have been offered by the garriſon as would have led to much loſs on the popular ſide, but defeat was inevitable. It was ſimply a queſtion of time.

The Counteſs advanced to the beſiegers with an undaunted courage, a burning fuſee in her hand, and demanded honourable terms as the baſis of ſurrender, declaring that if they were refuſed ſhe would defend the caſtle to the utmoſt, and would herſelf fire the firſt cannon.

There is no mention whatever made of the Colonel throughout theſe high proceedings. It is only charitable to ſuppoſe that he lay abed with a dire ſickneſs.

No doubt Moſes Reed was heartily glad to obtain poſſeſſion under any circumſtances which did not entail bloodſhed. A compromiſe was at once effected, and not only was the caſtle given up, but the Counteſs ſtipulated that ſhe ſhould remain within it until the Commons had been conſulted upon the queſtion of her ultimate diſpoſal. To be able to bring your enemy to terms, and then fearleſſly to truſt him, proves either that the limit of courage has been reached, or the borders of foolhardineſs croſſed.

In the caſtle the Counteſs remained a ſhort ſpace, when a parliamentary order arrived directing her expulſion from the iſland. And it is ſaid that the poor woman had to take refuge in the charity of a few friendly ſeamen for the means of completing the flight of herſelf and family. She was quite deſtitute of means. It is ſuch touches of humanity as theſe which make the hiſtory of misfortune not only endurable, but poſitively appetiſing.

The poſſeſſion of Cariſbrook was ſoon followed by the ſeizure of every fort in the iſle. The Commons followed up theſe acts by the advance to the poſt of governor of the Earl of Pembroke. This nobleman, neither unpopular on one ſide nor the other, was very cordially welcomed by gentry and yeomen upon his landing at Cowes.

And now there can be little doubt that Wight would have taken no further part in the rebellion had not the unfortunate Stuart, whoſe judgment always appears to have turned him upon the wrong path, been mad enough to ſeek refuge in the iſle—as virtual a ſelf-impriſonment as ever was accompliſhed, for a dozen coaſting veſſels could have effectively prevented any attempt at eſcape.

Jeſſe, in his remarkable "Court of the Stuarts," endeavours to ſhow that this movement on the part of the King was effected by the craft of Cromwell. But a rational inveſtigation leads one to the inevitable concluſion, that if Cromwell could ſo ſway the actions of Charles as to induce him to go into voluntary impriſonment, the Protector was abler than his beſt friend has endeavoured to prove him—the Stuart feebler than his worſt enemy has painted that King.

The tale of Charles's impriſonment in the iſland is better told in the hiſtory of Cariſbrook Caſtle, of which it forms part, than here.

With the ſeizure of Charles and his removal to Hurſt Caſtle, Cariſbrook dies out of the hiſtory of England, as from that time forth caſtles for the moſt part became either mere reſidences or ruins.

From the date of the fall of Charles I., the wardens of Wight alighted upon peaceful times. William Sydenham was appointed in 1644, and after a reign of ſixteen years the wardenſhip became once again ariſtocratic in the perſon of a nobleman with a very plebeian name, Lord Culpepper. But iſlanders are iſlanders all the world over, and are unwilling to bear oppreſſion, if oppoſition will overcome it. The Lord was ſo overbearing in manner, or at beſt the inſulars found him ſo, that an appeal was made for his removal—a requeſt Charles II., with characteriſtic careleſſneſs, completely overlooked. However, Culpepper ſhowed himſelf ſufficiently civil to reſign. He was ſucceeded by Admiral Sir Robert Holmes, who had beaten the Dutch at a time when to gain a victory over the Dutch was the neareſt way to Engliſh hearts. The iſlanders welcomed this gallant gentleman heartily. He went into the iſland to make it the land of his adoption. There he remained through more than a quarter of a century, and there, at Yarmouth, the good gentleman lies buried. He died in 1692, and was followed by an unpopular nobleman. Indeed, the peerage does not at any time appear to have ſucceeded in the wardenſhip. The new arrival was Lord Cutts, an appointee of William III. Being General of the Forces in Ireland, he was an abſentee after a very ſhort reſidence. The fact in no way enhances the fame of this warden that he became more popular after he left the iſland than when in it.

Dying in 1796, he was ſucceeded by Charles, Marquis of Wincheſter, afterwards Duke of Bolton. Of this nobleman the iſlanders never appear to have had a chance of judging, for

he was an abſentee, and in his time the firſt appointment of a Lieutenant-Governor was made. The gentleman upon whom this honour was conferred was a Colonel Morgan, who received twenty ſhillings a day.

And now the governorſhip of the iſland changed hands with remarkable rapidity. Between 1707 and 1745 there were eight appointments, moſtly ariſtocratic. The Marquis of Wincheſter being removed, General Webb was forwarded in his place, to be ſucceeded in five years by a diſtinguiſhed ſoldier and ſtateſman, William, Lord Cadogan. He was followed by Charles, Duke of Bolton, ſon of a former governor, and who was diſmiſſed from all his public offices in 1733. The wardenſhip appears now to have remained permanently in ariſtocratic hands. John Viſcount Lymington reſigned in 1742, to be ſucceeded by the Duke of Bolton—once more in favour, and reſtored, amongſt other attentions, to the wardenſhip of the iſland. The Duke, however, ſoon reſigned, to be ſucceeded by another re-appointee, the Earl of Portſmouth.

He was ſucceeded, in 1764, by Thomas, Lord Holmes, who was followed by a commoner, Hans Stanley. But by this time a change of adminiſtration affected the wardenſhip of the iſland. Two years after the appointment, Stanley was removed, and then it reverted once more to the peerage and the Bolton dukedom, in the perſon of Harry, Duke of Bolton. Four years, and the Duke was puſhed on one ſide in favour of Hans Stanley, whoſe party was again in power, and who gave the new governor a life-grant. It laſted no longer than an adminiſtration of that period; for, Stanley dying, the Duke of Bolton, once more, after an interval of two years, carried the day. And it will be remarked throughout theſe rapid changes how very little the comfort or requirements of the iſlanders formed items of conſideration in the act of

appointment. After ſeven years, the Duke dying, the wardenſhip paſſed into the hands of one, who, though not a Duke of Bolton—being in fact the Right Honourable Thomas Orde—attained afterwards to that title.

Lord Malmeſbury was the firſt governor of the preſent century, and with him the wardenſhip ceaſed. And what, it may be aſked, was the baſis of all theſe appointments and re-appointments? The anſwer is ſimple enough. The place was worth £1,500 annually, and there was nothing, or next to nothing to do. A very fortunate thing for the iſlanders it was that the poſt called for no work, or it would have been ſtrangely accompliſhed.

Through that entire century of frequent changes in the governorſhip, there was only one appointment of a loyal and patriotic character. It may be noted in a line—not many before the preſent—that it was ſaid, "the Duke of Bolton carried the day after an interval of two years." It was during thoſe two years the iſle was under the control of its one really patriotic and local governor. For two years the warden was the Right Honourable Sir Richard Worſley, whoſe name is well and honourably known in the iſland.

The Worſleys had, through many generations, the family ſeat near Godſhill. This village is one of the moſt pictureſque in the iſle, and one of the ancient pariſhes that exiſted before the compilation of Domeſday Book. It contains one of the ſix churches given by William Fitz-Oſborn to the Abbey of Lyra. The church, which is of Saxon architecture, ſtands on a ſteep hill.

A wild, yet not uncommon, tradition is told to account for the elevated ſituation of Godſhill Church. The foundation was laid at the foot of the hill, and the men began to build there; but the next morning, on returning to their

labours, they found that all the ſtones and other materials had been removed during the night, and placed at the top of the hill. They recommenced their work below, ſtill the next day all was gone. And this continued until they took the hint, built upon the ſpot indicated to them by inviſible hands, and by ſo doing added much to the beauty of the ſcene.

Its elevated ſituation, however, has more than once expoſed the church to danger. In January, 1778, it was ſtruck by

GODSHILL.

lightning, which ſo injured the old building, that a portion fell in the following year.

In its tower are five bells and a clock. It contains many curious monuments, and ſome modern ones to the memory of the Worſleys. It is a vicarage, in the gift of Queen's College, Oxford, and joined to the rectory of Niton.

Appuldurcombe, the home of thoſe worthies of the iſland,

the Worſleys, is uſually derived from the Britiſh *Y pul dur y cwm*—"the lake in the hollow"—but the correct etymology is evidently *Apuldre-combe*, the valley of apple-trees.

A comparatively old account of Appuldurcombe ſays:—"The manſion itſelf, which ſtands on the ſite of a very old manor-houſe, is comparatively modern, having been begun in 1710 by Sir Robert Worſley (who left it in a very incomplete ſtate), and finiſhed by his grandſon many years after. Here was written the hiſtory of the iſland, to which we have elſewhere referred. This book, which bears the name of Sir Richard, was in fact the production of three ſucceſſive generations of the Worſleys. It was commenced by Sir Robert, who died in 1747; continued by his ſon, Sir Thomas; and finiſhed and publiſhed by his grandſon, Sir Richard, in 1781. The love of their native place, and the deſire of illuſtrating it, laudably deſcended from father to ſon.

"The houſe of Appuldurcombe contains a choice aſſemblage of beautiful objects of art and antiquity to intereſt the touriſt. There is a large collection of paintings, drawings, ſtatues, and baſſi-relievi. Some of the pictures, particularly the hiſtorical portraits, were in the old manor-houſe for many generations, and were preſented to the Worſleys by the princes and great perſonages they repreſent.

"The ſculptures and drawings were collected by Sir Richard, the laſt baronet, who, in the courſe of the years 1785-86 and '87, made an extenſive tour through Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Turkey, and took with him able artiſts, who made the drawings and views of the moſt intereſting places under his own inſpection."

The glory of the houſe has now departed; yet, even in its denuded condition, it claims the touriſt's admiration, from the beauty of its extenſive grounds and the ſtatelineſs of the large

Corinthian pile, with its projecting wings, which crowns the head of the green and ample ſlope.

Wyndham ſaid of this place:—"It is ſituated at ſome diſtance from the road, within the park, and, being built from the quarries of Portland, and unincumbered with adjoining offices, offers a magnificent object to the high road and to the hills above it, particularly when the rays of the ſun are reflected from its beautiful ſtone."

Long after him, Knight remarked:—"The park is very famous, and it deſerves its celebrity. It is very extenſive for the iſland; the ground is conſiderably diverſified, and there are noble views over the wide glades. Oak, elm, and beech-trees of ſtately ſize abound, and the plantations are well arranged. The park and the houſe are, in ſhort, on a correſponding ſtyle of grandeur."

To return to the hiſtory of the wardens of the iſland. With the life of the Lord Malmeſbury expired what of ſeparate exiſtence from Hampſhire the iſle ſtill poſſeſſed. It merged into the municipal ſway of a more powerful neighbour, an example of that modern policy which tends to breadth of control as in an earlier age it was an admirable example of the feudal form of government which diſtinguiſhed its firſt Norman maſters.

It became, what it remains, the garden ground, the pleſaunce, the convaleſcent hoſpital of London and South-Eaſtern England—a little ſpot, which after having ſuffered more for its ſize than any other in England, during the wars between Church and State, and State and Commons, now finds its miſſion to be the aſſuagement of ſuffering and the endeavour to reſtore that health which has been injured by anxiety and the unhealthineſs of town life. The Iſle of Wight is a little gem ſet in the ſouthern Engliſh ſea.

Ryde.

THE approach to Ryde is perhaps the moſt delightful that the iſland affords—for Cowes appears broken, Brading is ſhut in, Yarmouth is round a corner, and Ventnor has no pier.

Riſing from the ſhore, the town looks as though ſpread to be looked at, while the framing of foliage on right and left is very pictureſque. Away to the weſt one can ſee the towers of Oſborne, half neſtling in woods, while to the eaſt the ſhore ſhelves away towards Brading.

A long, broad, handſome pier is this of Ryde, together with a tramway, well-managed and well-appointed, but the ſeating accommodation on the pier itſelf is of a ſtrangely primitive kind, while the complicated financial arrangements at the turnſtile are calculated equally to ſtir up one's aſtoniſhment and arithmetic.

Ryde is the baſe line whence the touriſts iſſue to conquer a

RYDE, FROM THE PIER.

knowledge of the beauties of the iſland—and indeed, by very judicious management we may ſweep over the whole of the north, eaſt, ſouth, and centre of the iſland, and yet ſleep every night in Ryde itſelf—a rational proceeding, perhaps, when we may be called ſuddenly away, but one which is injudicious when time is wholly one's own. There is nothing more delightful than riſking accommodation, and experimenting upon the fare and "wine of the country"—as Queen Mary's huſband, Philip of Spain, called the huge goblet of beer offered him when he landed in England, and which he ſuppoſed it was imperative he ſhould drink off.

It is an excitement to reſt at a wonderfully diſcovered little rural inn—though certainly, in the Iſle of Wight, the inhabitants cannot be condemned on the ſcore of village ale-houſes, for they do not appear to exiſt to any extent.

The hotels at Ryde are not any worſe than at other watering-places, while indeed, they are ſaid to be a little more conſiderate towards viſitors than elſewhere. Ryde, however, is a colony of lodging-houſes, and in the ſeaſon it is one that ſeldom needs to call for ſettlers. In Auguſt, when the butterfly yachts ſwarm to Ryde, it is, indeed, difficult to find a place in which to lay the weary head. And yet, in ſpite of this wonderful popularity, of this influx of viſitors, even in Ryde very primitive people are to be found. Not three years ſince, a benighted couple of touriſts, houſeleſs, bedleſs, and forlorn, were taken in by ſome honeſt people, who knew nothing of lodgers, and who having bedded and breakfaſted them for a week, did actually charge three ſhillings for the accommodation, and ſixpence a-piece for each meal.

Ryde has felt the bleſſings of peace as thoroughly as any part of the United Kingdom. Immediately after the downfall of Napoleon, the Iſle of Wight—which, during the long wars

between France and England, never could be profperous in conſequence of its poſition, and the ſucceſs which might attend a landing—began to grow rapidly. In 1801—for we are going to weary our readers with a few, a very few figures—the population was under a thouſand ſouls. In 1821, half-a-dozen years after the fall of the great Corſican, it had riſen to nearly three thouſand. In this year of grace (1868) the town owns to nearly ten thouſand inhabitants in two thouſand houſes, excluſive of viſitors.

Of courſe Ryde has a ſort of municipality, but it is not burdened with a mayor. The Board of Commiſſioners conſiſts of twenty-ſeven members, who go out once a year. Each commiſſioner muſt be worth £700, or be rated at not leſs than £20 per annum.

Theſe commiſſioners lay out about £2,000 a year on the town, while the poor rate, ſome few years ſince, produced £1,500. Two or three more figures and we will leave them. The peace of the town is looked after by ſix conſtables and one ſergeant, all of whom are remarkable for wearing the moſt frightful hats ever invented. Viſitors are days before they grow accuſtomed to this head-covering, which is worn by individuals who apparently have a very eaſy time of it; for if the Iſle of Wight in wild times has had to ſuffer, and ſuffer very ſeverely, now that comparative peace has fallen upon Europe, the iſlet has its advantages—for your thieves, vagrants, gipſies, and other nomads love not a ſpot whence they can only eſcape by two or three gates. No man can hide in Wight; Charles Stuart, amongſt others, made that diſcovery; and to eſcape from the place a fugitive muſt either hire a private boat, or endeavour to fly by one of the gates—which are three—Ryde, Cowes, and Yarmouth. All men going to or from the iſland paſs by one of theſe points.

The conſequence is that the lower thieving and begging fraternity, not being able to tramp into the land after their ordinary faſhion, and the police keeping a very cloſe watch upon the points of diſembarkation, the iſle is remarkably free from the plague of mendicity. And thus it is that you may walk from one end to the other and not meet a beggar: a great improvement upon all Kent, which county, during Auguſt, September, and October, owing to the hop-picking viſitors, and the begging traditions which have ſwept down from the palmy days of Canterbury—then the metropolis of the Anglo-Roman Church—is ſo offenſive, if not even dangerous, that ladies are virtually debarred from walking beyond the boundaries of the towns.

"Have you any gipſies in the iſle?" we aſked, at Newport.

"Well, sir," was the anſwer, "gipſies have come, but ſomehow they have gone away again, almoſt as ſoon as they got here."

This is of courſe the caſe, although the Zingari muſt know how much fine camping ground there is in the iſle. The gipſy is incapable of reſting in a land in which he knows his foot is limited to a poor ſtretch of under eight leagues. He muſt be able to walk off acroſs two or three hundred miles, or he feels as though in a priſon. Again, the Zingari are certainly given to thieving, and, as we have ſaid, nature has aided the police ſo much in Wight, that—— in a word, the gipſies are of a mind with the beggars and the thieves, and give the place a wide berth.

The police, therefore, have to confine their attention to occaſional arrivals of the ſwell-mob (who ſet detection at defiance), and the ſettlement of occaſional diſputes of flymen and boatmen with thoſe of their touriſt cuſtomers who cannot ſubmit to pay for the ſeaſon without a little violent proteſt.

From Ryde coaches pour out upon the iſland, although the rail, which is now open to Ventnor, has overtaken and overthrown many of thoſe horſed machines. It is alſo from Ryde that boats ſtart for what may be called the circumnavigation or the iſland—a ſix hours' voyage.

That libraries, news-rooms, and bazaars abound in Ryde may be taken for granted. Nay, the town even boaſts of a theatre, the uſual wretched, bankrupt, out-at-elbows, and diſreputable temple one finds nine times out of ten at every ſea-ſide reſort. It was here that Edmund Kean and the people of Ryde had a difference. It was a ſomething in his domeſtic arrangements which brought him into diſcredit, and confounding the man and the actor, by ſome means Edmund got hiſſed, the reſult being that the tragedian, who was playing Richard III., went the extreme length of intimating that his opinion of the people of Ryde was that they were donkeys.

No, the Theatre Royal Ryde is not a comfortable building. People will not go to it—in fact, people go out of town to eſcape from theatres. Poſſibly it would be quite judicious conduct on the part of the inhabitants of ſea-ſide towns to buy up the theatres and ſell them for rubbiſh; ſuch action would make the towns quite reſpectable.

The true theatre of the Iſle of Wight is the theatre of nature. What need of a canvas garden when every ſquare yard of the iſland is a ſeries of leſſons in botany? What need of a paſteboard caſtle, when there is wonderful Cariſbrook to wander over? The iſle is its own theatre, and laughs at that poor little rival perched on the hill, and puſhing forward its bald face and haggard walls like ſome old coquette who will not underſtand that ſhe is *paſſée*.

However, we muſt not forget that here Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actreſs of George IV.'s days, made her laſt appear-

ance in public—a great woman for ſo ſmall a ſtage. She played on her way to France, ſeeking in that land, as many before her and ſince, the health which had abandoned her in England. With Mrs. Jordan's final appearance the Ryde theatre drifted into its preſent condition, in which it is only too likely to remain.

The pier, the chief charm of Ryde, is the natural reſult of the ſhallowneſs of the Ryde waters. Previous to its erection a ſhort jetty was the only means of landing offered by Ryde to its viſitors, who, did they arrive at low water, had at leaſt the charm of choice as to one of two ways of reaching the ſhore, for at low tide the jetty was of no uſe. The option lay between going to ſhore in a cart, drawn by a ſteady old horſe, or taking a ſedan (the more ariſtocratic mode), borne by a couple of able-bodied amphibious bipeds. Each mode had its advantages and diſadvantages. In the firſt caſe you felt that you and your luggage would not get an impromptu bath; on the other hand the ſedan was dignified and ſelect. But there was a great drawback in the fear that one or other of the marine runners might ſtumble, when, if the patient did not plunge violently forward into the ſea, it would be becauſe he obtained that refreſhment on his back.

The pier began to grow in 1813, but before it had reached its preſent ſtretch, which is nearly half-a-mile, at the very ſtart the conſtruction engulfed 2,400 ſhares at £50 a ſhare—£120,000.

The look-out from the head of the pier is delightfully varied. In ſhore are the reclining terraces of houſes, white being the prevailing colour, the iſland ſtretching away on each ſide in wooded hills, capped at one point by the towers of Oſborne, at another by the Nab Light. Away in front lies Spithead, generally with a frowning man-of-war motionleſs and gigantic

in the mid-way. Beyond is Portſmouth Harbour, looking much like a Dutch town; and farther ſtill the blue line of Hampſhire hills.

It was twenty years from the date of the completion of the pier before the eſplanade was commenced (1856). However, modern engineers get through their work quickly, and the wall was ſoon completed. But it appears never to have become very popular, perhaps becauſe it is ſo utterly wanting in ſhade. However, it gave a facing to the lower portions of the town, and it remains of great uſe as an example of general improvement.

To the left of the pier—over this eſplanade, and looking towards the town—is the duver, or dovor. It was once a ſtretch of ſand; it is now a colony of houſes, built for the greater part within the memory of ſome ſcarcely more than middle-aged. Many can prattle over their crockery mugs of beer of the ghaſtly hiſtory with which it is connected.

Here, upon this ſpot, this dovor, were buried ſcores upon ſcores of thoſe who died in the *Royal George*, when that gallant ſhip went down. The veſſel was outward bound, her complement on board, the decks crowded with viſitors, many of them women taking leave of the men.

Here is the tale of the *Royal George*.

Previous to ſailing, it was deemed neceſſary to examine the ſhip's bottom; and for that purpoſe ſhe was laid on her ſide. This was done early in the morning of a fine day. The Admiral was writing in his cabin, and moſt of the people were between decks, when about 3 o'clock, p.m., an unexpected ſquall of wind threw her ſo much on her broadſide that the flag at her maſt-head dipped in the water; ſhe then rolled over on the other ſide, her yard arms touching the ſea; after which ſhe righted, and ſank in nearly an upright poſition.

A victualling veſſel was alongſide, which was ſwallowed up in the whirlpool cauſed by the ſinking of ſo vaſt a body. Other ſmall craft in the vicinity were much endangered, but eſcaped.

The ſhip was crowded with people from the ſhore, who were taking leave of their relatives and friends. It was eſtimated that three hundred viſitors, including the wives and children of the ſailors, were on board. The crew amounted to nearly nine hundred. The boats of the fleet ſaved many who had been on deck; but the admiral, with ſeveral officers, and the greater part of the men who were below, ſank with the veſſel. Only three hundred were reſcued. It was impoſſible to aſcertain the exact number of ſouls on board at the time of the cataſtrophe, but it was calculated that nearly one thouſand individuals were hurried into eternity.

Admiral Kempenfeldt was nearly ſeventy years of age, and was widely lamented. He was conſidered one of the firſt amongſt naval officers for courage, judgment, nautical ſkill, and humanity.

The *Royal George* had had more flags hoiſted in her than any other ſhip in the navy. She had been the flag-ſhip of our greateſt commanders, and on the moſt important occaſions. She alſo carried heavier metal and taller maſts than any other veſſel in the ſervice.

The weather was ſcarcely to be called freſh. No ſuſpicion of danger exiſted. All that ever can be known is, that there muſt have been ſome bad ſeamanſhip ſomewhere, that the ſhip went over, and that the buſy naval neſt was in a moment a ſeething maſs of human beings hopeleſſly battling for life.

A few moments, and the pain of the ſufferers paſt, that of the ſurvivors began. The currents, combining with the prevalent winds, ſwept many ſcores of the bodies into the bay of

Ryde. The ſea caſt up her dead, and the Ryde people came down and buried them in heaps—in great heaps that marked the end of the tragedy. Readers will aſk: "What, were theſe poor creatures buried like the bodies of animals, where they were found?" Yes. The preſent generation would be aſtoniſhed to hear at comparatively how recent a date the law in no way provided for the interment of the bodies of poor drowned mariners caſt upon the inhoſpitable ſhore. When the *Royal Charter* broke up, great was the tenderneſs diſplayed by the miniſter of the pariſh upon part of whoſe ſhore the dead were caſt, and Charles Dickens has immortaliſed that Chriſtian work. It was different at the time of the going down of the *Royal George*. The dead were caſt upon Ryde beach, and buried where they were found.

Mrs. Robinſon (Perdita) in her "Memoirs" has a tale very ſimilar to that of Ryde dovor. She herſelf being at Brighton, which was then a faſhionable watering-place, ſaw the body of a dead mariner lay upon the Brighton beach through two whole ſummer days. It was nobody's buſineſs to bury the unknown, it lay with open eyes ſtaring at the heartleſs world; and, finally, it was mainly by her exertions and expenditure that the remains of the poor mariner were laid in the ground.

And what became of the bones of the broad-cheſted men who had manned the *Royal George*—of them and their belongings who had come to take leave—of the lads who were never to furl ſail again?

"Why, ſir," ſays the long-ſhoreman, who is aſked within ſound of the ſummer waves, and over a white-and-blue mug of houſehold ale—"Why, I've ſeen great lumps of bones dug up when they were making them foundations, over and over again, when I was a boy."

So thus it is. The men of the rare *Royal George* going,

ſtrong and healthy, out of port, to ſweep the enemies of England from the ſeas are cheered, and hearty wiſhes go with them. But the crew drowned, the dead thrown upon the ſhore they oft failed from to defend, they are put in the ground a yard away from where the ſea caſt them up. And when the land is wanted, "great lumps of bones" are thrown up by the handy ſpade.

The hiſtory of the *Royal George* is taken up again, 1839.

In that year, Colonel C. W. Paſley, of the Royal Engineers, was employed by the Government to remove the obſtructions which the ruins of this large ſhip occaſioned in the moſt eligible part of the anchorage at Spithead.

Colonel Paſley's plan was to blow the huge ſhip to pieces with gunpowder. Cylinders of gunpowder were depoſited by divers under the more expoſed parts of the wreck, and then exploded by means of galvanic batteries.

Colonel Paſley commenced his operations in Auguſt and concluded them in November. The quantity of powder conſumed during the various experiments was 12,940 lbs. Two ſeries of exploſions (in Auguſt and in September) took place, and Colonel Paſley ſtates that altogether there were recovered from the wreck: "Twelve guns, five gun-carriages, one hundred beams and riders, or large fragments of them, excluſive of other timbers, planks, and copper, beſides the cooking-place and boilers complete, the ſtem, and great part of the bows on each ſide of it, the two capſtans, part of the main-maſt, and all that remained of the foremaſt of the *Royal George*."

The Town-hall of Ryde is rather a uſeful than an ornamental architectural effort. However, it coſt £5,000. Its right wing is devoted to the uſe of an inſtitute and lecture rooms, its left wing to a market. The Town-hall proper conſiſts of two rooms, which can be thrown into one for feſtive purpoſes.

The great fact of Ryde being its yachting, the Yacht Club Houſe, weſt of the pier, is an important building. Of courſe it has a ſmall battery looking ſeaward, far more uſeful than Yarmouth Caſtle; while its interior, being built for men who are generally London club-men, is very handſome and effective. The foundation-ſtone was laid by the Prince Conſort, in March, 1846, a year after the eſtabliſhment of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, which entering upon exiſtence in May, 1845, at once obtained a guarantee of continuous good patronage and ſucceſs by an Admiralty warrant permitting the Club to bear the St. George's enſign. The Club now numbers about eighty yachts, having an aggregate of nearly ten thouſand tons. The entrance fee is five guineas, a ſimilar ſum being the yearly ſubſcription. It is to this Club that Ryde owes the preſtige of its annual regatta, which attracts all Engliſh yachtſmen who reſpect themſelves, and many yachting foreigners, to Ryde in Auguſt. The regatta is of courſe excluſive, and therefore a balance is judiciouſly obtained by holding a few weeks later in the year a ſecond regatta, eſpecially for the encouragement of the Ryde boatmen. Theſe are good ſeamen, by the way, but their efforts to uphold a protective tariff certainly tends not to the increaſe of their earnings. Boats lie idly toſſing on the ſhallow water which might be at work, pleaſantly dotting the ſcene, could but the ſtubborn boatmen ſit down and calculate on a penny ſlate the comparative advantages of having a ſingle crown cuſtomer, or ten two-ſhilling patrons.

Ryde has ſtriven to be perfect in many ways. It poſſeſſes an arcade, the Royal Victoria. The Iſle of Wight has alſo its Philoſophical and Scientific Society, the head-quarters being at Ryde, which is repreſented by a very reſpectable collection of the antiquities and natural hiſtory of the iſland. However, it muſt be admitted that the peculiarity of all muſeums not

metropolitan—and even ſome of theſe do not eſcape—is to tend towards mildew, duſt, and diſarrangement, with ſtartling rapidity. The Society numbers a hundred members. The Prince Conſort, who was at all times more than willing to advance the intereſts of the little iſle which the Queen made, and ſtill makes, her home during the greater part of the year, was one of the moſt influential members of the aſſociation.

Here is the report of the annual excurſion of this Society, for the year of grace 1868. "The annual excurſion took place on Wedneſday (the 2nd of September). The members aſſembled at the Old Town-hall of the ancient borough of Newtown, formerly Francheville, at half-paſt twelve, whence they proceeded to viſit the extenſive oyſter beds in the Clamerkin Lake, where, through the kindneſs of Sir John Simeon, Bart., the proceſs of raiſing oyſters was excellently explained by the chief overſeer. The party on its return to Newtown perambulated, under the direction of the Rev. E. Kell, F.S.A., the boundaries of the ancient town, which was of a rectangular form, 500 yards long and 150 broad. The ſtreets parallel to each other were Gold-ſtreet and High-ſtreet, interſected at right angles by Broad-ſtreet, Church-ſtreet, and Bowling-green-ſtreet. The ſtreet on the ſouth was diſtinctly marked by a hedge-row, but had fallen into entire diſuſe. The other ſtreets are now either roads or green lanes. About twelve cottages are ſprinkled over the ſite of the ancient town. A plan of the town, which is girt on two of its ſides by the Newtown Clamerkin Lake, was explained by Mr. Kell. The members then aſſembled at Swainſtone, the beautiful ſeat of Sir John Simeon, and partook of a ſubſtantial lunch, after which Mr. Benjamin Barrow, of Ryde, the preſident of the ſociety, propoſed the healths of Sir John and Lady Simeon, with thanks for their hoſpitable entertainment, which was

moſt cordially proffered. Sir John Simeon, in reſponding, expreſſed in the courſe of his remarks his ſatisfaction at the propoſed eſtabliſhment of an Iſland Muſeum at Cariſbrook Caſtle. The company, about thirty, then adjourned to the capacious hall, where a paper was read by the Rev. E. Kell, on the Roman origin of Newtown. Sir John Simeon exhibited and explained various ancient charters of the borough, of Edward II., Queen Elizabeth, and other monarchs, granting ſpecial rights and privileges to Newtown. He ſhowed a beautiful map of the family eſtate executed in the time of Charles I., and other intereſting documents connected with the ancient borough. The exceeding fineneſs of the day contributed not a little to the enjoyment of this very ſucceſsful excurſion of the ſociety."

Ryde is exceptionally healthy, even for the glorious Iſle of Wight, which is the more remarkable becauſe in all probability the beach, from its flatneſs, is leſs healthy than that of any other ſea-ſide colony in the iſland. We have no doubt Dr. Farr would attribute this enviable condition of things to the purity of the water ſupply, a condition which it appears contributes far more to health than the removal of refuſe and the purity of the atmoſphere. The Ryde waterworks are at the foot of Aſhey Down, four miles from Ryde, the great plateau whoſe ſurface ſupplies the water demand. The municipal determination to obtain good water, a determination no doubt founded on the knowledge that the badneſs of the water has helped to ruin many a ſea-ſide place—Herne Bay for example, where the waſhing water has been often ſtrained through a towel before the conſcientious viſitor could waſh in it—was not ſtaggered by the expenſe. The commiſſioners appear to have foreſeen that a good water ſupply would prove a good inveſtment in the fulneſs of time. The anticipation has

been realiſed. Theſe works, for ſo ſmall a town, coſt a large ſum, £22,500—nearly fifty ſhillings per head for all Ryde. The reſervoir is two hundred and fifty feet above low water mark.

Ryde is plentifully provided with places of worſhip. There are three Church of England chapelries in the town, for the pariſh church is ſtill at Newchurch, where it ſtood when Ryde was repreſented by two or three fiſhermen. Mr. Davenport Adams, ſpeaking of theſe in his voluminous guide-book to the iſle, ſays, "The oldeſt of theſe chapels is St. Thomas's," whoſe uſeful ſteeple affords a conſpicuous landmark, "the uglieſt is St. James's," while "the lateſt and handſomeſt is the Church of the Holy Trinity."

The Romaniſts have a very handſome chapel dedicated to St. Mary, in the High Street. The choir is remarkably good —indeed its choral ſervices form an item in the attractions of Ryde. Quite a faſhionable throng pours out at the completion of a ſummer afternoon's ſervice.

In Doomſday Book, Ryde is called La Rye, or La Ruhe. It was burnt down more than once, and was razed by the French in the reign of Edward II. In later times it was one of the centres of the watch and ward of the iſle, and one of the three favoured ports to which all communication with the main land was reſtricted. It was only towards the cloſe of the laſt century that the town began to look up. It was ſome years before this time, in 1753, that Fielding, then dying, reſted at Ryde, when leaving England for the laſt time. "Between the ſea and the ſhore," he gaily writes, "there was at low water an impaſſable gulf, if I may ſo call it, of deep mud, which could neither be traverſed by walking nor ſwimming; ſo that, for one-half of the twenty-four hours, Ryde was inacceſſible by friend or foe. I was, therefore, rowed in a ſmall

boat as near the ſhore as poſſible, and then taken up by two ſailors, who waded with me through the mud in a chair, and at laſt placed me on dry land." Some time after Fielding's death the wherries came in as far as they could, and were met by a horſe and cart, which took out the paſſengers and carried them through the mud and water to the beach.

Fielding tells how he found only one butcher in the town, "but he was a very good one, and killed all ſorts of meat in ſeaſon; beef two or three times a year, and mutton all the year round."

"The ſituation of the town," he exclaims, "is moſt delightful, and is the moſt pleaſant ſpot in the whole iſland. It is true it wants the advantage of that beautiful river which leads from Newport to Cowes; but the proſpect here extending to the ſea, and taking in Portſmouth, Spithead, and St. Helen's, would be more than a recompenſe for the loſs of the Thames itſelf, even in the moſt delightful parts of Berkſhire and Buckinghamſhire." Farther on he adds: "This pleaſant village is ſituated on a gentle aſcent from the water, whence it affords that charming proſpect I have above deſcribed. Its ſoil is a gravel, which, aſſociated with its declivity, preſerves it always ſo dry, that immediately after the moſt violent rain a fine lady may walk without wetting her ſilken ſhoes. The fertility of the place is apparent from its extraordinary verdure, and it is ſo ſhaded with large and flouriſhing elms that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which in the regularity of its plantation vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberancy greatly exceeds it."

The environs of Ryde are as paſtoral as Goldſmith's deſerted village. Here is to be found no ſublimity, no grandeur, but ſmiling meadow land—land looking lovely in the ſunlight, wretched in the rain. The woody ſlopes dip to the inland valley,

while every hedge-row is alive with ſtarry flowers. As for the fine primroſes, we have already mentioned their ſupremacy. "This iſland ought to be called Primroſe Iſland, if the nation of cowſlips agree thereto," ſays Keats. But ſhall we confeſs that to our ears the iſland lacks the ſong of birds? Whether it is that the iſlanders have, from a miſtaken policy, deſtroyed them, or whether the once famous hawks of Culver thinned its feathered ſongſters, Wight is not remarkable for ſinging birds. Keats, Shelley, and many others have written in proſe or ſung in verſe of the iſland, but not one of the poets has a word to ſay of its birds—the land, the ſea, the cliff, and eſpecially the flowers, having engaged their chief attention. Sings Shelley:—

"In a dell mid lawny hills,
Which the wild ſea-murmur fills,
And the light and ſmell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and ſhine."

Brading.

BRADING is a market town, four miles from Ryde, and double that diſtance from Newport. The town may be deſcribed as one long ſtreet. The original grant ſtrictly enjoined that the weekly market day ſhould be Wedneſday, but by ſome means the market is now held on a Monday.

The town is governed by a ſenior and junior bailiff, choſen annually, a recorder, who holds office for life, and thirteen jurats. The common ſeal is encircled with the motto, "The Kyng's Towne of Bradynge." The earlieſt exiſting charter granted to Brading was engroſſed in the reign of Edward VI. It is, however, neceſſary to ſtate that this expreſſly refers to earlier charters.

Brading poſſeſſes an old Town Hall, over an old Market Houſe, neither of which is uſed. In the Market Houſe may be ſtill ſeen a pair of ſtocks, which, however, have not been in operation for a long time. In Brading are to be found ſome of

the very oldeſt houſes in the iſle, ſo old that they retain evidences of the time when England was "merry England." Dotting the exterior of ſeveral are to be ſeen the rings once uſed upon feſtival days to ſupport the tapeſtry decorations to which our forefathers were ſo partial. Another evidence of the kind of ſports and paſtimes in which our anceſtors delighted takes the ſhape of an iron ring in the ground, marking the ſpot where once upon a time bull-baiting attracted the king's lieges. In a lane at the bottom of the hill is the ruſtic dwelling of Legh Richmond's celebrated "Young Cottager," whoſe ſimple grave may be found in the ſouth-eaſt corner of the old churchyard.

Brading lies at the baſe of the emerald-toned and lofty Brading Down, and is ſurrounded by the woods of Nunwell. The great feature of the town is the Haven. Brading Haven, at high water, is an extenſive lake; but at low water the mud banks, and the crawling Yar in its midſt, form by no means a pleaſant proſpect. The haven covers more than 830 acres, and therefore it need not be ſaid that the level being ſo very little below that of the neighbouring fertile land, the practical farmers and land owners of the diſtrict have always looked with regret upon ſo large a tract remaining a waſte expanſe of mud. Many attempts have been made to reclaim it. So early as the time of Edward I. Sir William Ruſſel, of Yaverland, ſnatched a little of the land from the graſp of the ſea, and the firſt Yar Bridge was erected. In° 1562 another plot of land was recovered, and in 1594 a third. The chief attempt, however, was made by brave Sir Hugh Myddleton—him to whom we owe the New River, and the general healthineſs of the North Diſtrict of London. This hardy engineer was aided by Sir Bevis Thelwell, who gave £2,000 for a grant Henry Gibbs had obtained from James I. Under Sir Hugh's

direction, an embankment across the narrow mouth of the harbour was commenced in the December of 1620, and the works were carried on vigorously and successfully for two years, by which time they were completed. The fertile land was now cultivated, farm-houses were to be seen dotting the land thus rescued from the sea, and roads were made. But at the expiration of eight years (1630), the sea broke through the embankment and swept away all. From that time up to the present, no engineer has been bold enough to undertake banking out the sea from Brading Harbour. But if the plough has not again been set to work over Brading Haven, modern thought and ingenuity have within the last few years discovered a means of turning it to most valuable account. The ordinary agricultural farming cannot be applied, but oyster-farming pays more per acre than the former; and experience leads those who have been associated in the enterprise to the conclusion, that in a few years oyster-farming in Brading Haven will be a very profitable investment. So far, all that has been done has been but tentative, and large expenses have been incurred; but at the last meeting of the gentlemen interested in this industry, sufficient evidence was forthcoming to prove, that in a few years Brading Haven will be far more remunerative as an oyster-farm than it could be made by any other means.

Thorne speaks very pleasantly of the queen's town of Brading:—"From the mouth of the harbour you see a really noble lake, embayed between hills of moderate elevation, which are covered pretty thickly with trees, in many places down to the very edge of the water. Along the banks and on the sides of the hills are scattered many neat houses, and a church or two, and the head of the lake is surrounded by a lofty range of downs; whilst the surface itself, of a deep azure hue, glitters with numerous glancing sails, and is alive with hundreds of

BRADING CHURCH.

ſilver-winged ſea-gulls. To one who has not ſeen, or can forget, a lake among the mountains, this will, if ſeen under favourable aſpects, appear of almoſt unſurpaſſable beauty; to every one it muſt appear very beautiful. An hour or two ſhould be devoted to a ſail upon it. The views from the ſurface are very varied; thoſe looking northward derive much beauty from the way in which the ſea, with its ſhips, and the diſtant ſhore, mingle with the lake. The view from the head of the harbour is, eſpecially at ſun-ſet, eminently pictureſque and ſtriking. Cloſe by the mouth is the old tower of St. Helen's Church. The church itſelf has long been deſtroyed; but the tower has been ſtrengthened, and made to ſerve as a ſea-mark."

The Corporation of Brading ſtill pays an annual fine, or fee-farm rent, into the Exchequer, amounting to four marks—£2 13s. 4d. Their revenue is to a large extent derived from certain dues on ſhops and trades, aſſeſſed according to ancient charter.

Brading Church is ſuppoſed to have been erected ſoon after the Conqueſt, but independently of its claims as an object of antiquity, it deſerves notice from having been for many years the ſcene of the paſtoral labours of the late Rev. Legh Richmond. The admirers of that intereſting author who viſit the iſland ſhould procure his cheap and elegant little hand-book to the ſcenery, deſcribed in the "Annals of the Poor," entitled, "The Landſcape Beauties of the Iſle of Wight."

Brading Church is conſidered the oldeſt in the iſland. It is chiefly tranſitionary Norman in ſtyle. It conſiſts of a chancel, nave, and ſide aiſles; each with a ſmall chapel at the end. The building exhibits fragments of architecture of almoſt all the Gothic ſtyles. The ſmall chapel at the eaſt end of the ſouth aiſle, beyond a ſcreen, is the burial-place of

the Oglanders, thoſe worthies of the iſle. The church is dedicated to St. Mary, and it retained until lately, ſovereignty over the pariſhes of Yaverland and Shanklin, which were compelled to bury their dead here. The church is diſtinguiſhed for its braſſes, epitaphs, and weather-cock, which is a full-tailed barn-door fowl.

It was to an epitaph in this churchyard of Brading that Dr. Calcott, while on a viſit at St. John's, gave prominence, by ſetting it to muſic in the form of a glee, which has ſince become houſehold. The epitaph, on a certain Mrs. Berry, whoſe grave is near that of her huſband, is as follows :—

"Forgive, bleſt ſhade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wiſh that would have kept thee here,
And ſtay'd thy progreſs to the ſeats of bliſs.

"No more confined to grov'ling ſcenes of night—
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay;
Now ſhould we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day."

There is alſo another epitaph to the huſband :—

"It muſt be ſo—our father Adam's fall
And diſobedience brought this lot on all.
All die in him, and hopeleſs ſhould we be,
Bleſt Revelation, were it not for thee.
Hail, glorious Goſpel! heavenly light, whereby
We live in comfort and in comfort die;
And view in that bright world beyond the tomb
A life of endleſs happineſs to come."

Neither copy of verſes is ſufficiently poetic to juſtify its popularity on its own merits. Of Mr. and Mrs. Berry nothing is known beyond the fact that the huſband was an exciſeman.

Theſe epitaphs are aſcribed to the pen of the Rev. W. Gill, once curate of Newchurch. All the evidence is uncertain beyond the fact that the firſt is a plagiariſm of Mrs. Steele's lines on the death of the Rev. James Hervey.

A more touching epitaph is that by Legh Richmond, written upon Jane, the young cottager, whoſe memory forms one of the paſtoral chapters of the hiſtory of Brading:—

"Ye who the power of God delight to trace,
And mark with joy each monument of grace,
Tread lightly o'er this grave as ye explore
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

"A child repoſes underneath this ſod,
A child to memory dear, and dear to God;
Rejoice, but ſhed the ſympathetic tear—
Jane, the Young Cottager, lies buried here."

A far more charming and poetic effuſion, however, is the following, inſcribed on the tomb of an infant:—

"This lovely bud, ſo young, ſo fair,
Call'd hence by early doom;
Juſt come to ſhow how ſweet a flower
In Paradiſe would bloom!"

The braſſes at Brading are alſo worth attention. Near the communion-table is to be found a braſs, once inlaid with ſilver, repreſenting a knight, his feet guarded by two dogs. The inſcription is as follows:—

"Hic jacet nobilis vir Johannes Cherowin armiger. dum viveбat. Connestabularius Castri de Porcestre. qui obiit. anno domini milleſimo quadringes^mo quadrag° primo. die ultima menſe Octobris. anima ejus requiescat in pace. Amen."

"Here lies a noble man, Sir John Cherowin, in life, Governor of Porcheſter Caſtle, who died in the year of our Lord, 1441, on the laſt day of October. May his ſoul reſt in peace. Amen."

In the Oglander chapel are to be found altar-tombs to the memory of Sir William Oglander, and his ſon Sir John Oglander, which charitable gentleman died in 1655. Their effigies are in wood. There is alſo a memorial of the death of Sir John's eldeſt ſon, a loyal cavalier, who breathed his laſt in exile.

The Church of Brading, of courſe, has its groteſque aſpect. Here, for inſtance, is an epitaph written in deep earneſtneſs, but which muſt excite a ſmile :—

"When ſhe afflicted was full ſore,
Still with patience it ſhe bore,
And oft to the Lord did ſay,
The Lord have mercy on me, I pray ;
And when her glaſs was fully run,
She cloſed her eyes without a groan."

The regiſter, which dates from 1547, contains this very ſingular entry:—"*Burials*, Novemb. ye 20th, 1677. Jowler (alias) John Knight, of Merton, whoe, rather than he would be charitable to himſelfe (when he was capacitated), liv'd like a miſerable wretch on ye publick charity. He liv'd in a p'petuall ſlavery through feare and ſuſpicion, and puniſh'd both his back and belly to fill his purſe. He ſoe exceſſively idolized his poore heap of muck yt it was death to him to think of parting. He was allwaies ſoe afraid of want, or yt he ſhould dy as he had allwaies liv'd, a beggar, yt he dar'd not uſe wh't he had for his oune wellbeing, but liv'd and died with his beloved bagg in his neareſt embraces; and at length, yt he might pay his utmoſt homage both by life and death to his greate god Mammon, he voluntarily ſacrificed himſelf, and even dyed to ſave charges."

Yaverland is about a mile-and-a-half from Brading. Yaverland Church is ſuppoſed to have been erected in the twelfth or thirteenth century ; and it was here that Legh Richmond made his firſt attempt to preach extempore, and completely failed ; though he was afterwards celebrated for the power and eloquence of his extemporaneous diſcourſes. This intereſting ſpot is graphically deſcribed by Mr. Richmond, in "The Dairyman's Daughter." It is pleaſantly ſituated on a riſing bank at the foot of a bold chalk hill, and, being ſurrounded by trees, has a rural and retired appearance. Cloſe to the church-

yard ſtands a large and ancient manſion, which was formerly the reſidence of an opulent and a titled family, which has long been appropriated to the uſe of the eſtate as a farm-houſe. It ſtill retains conſiderable traces of ancient grandeur, and gives a pleaſing character to the ſpot of ground on which the church ſtands. In every direction, the roads that lead to this edifice poſſeſs diſtinct and intereſting features. One of them aſcends between ſeveral rural cottages from the ſea-ſhore, which adjoins the lower part of the adjacent hill, and another leads to the church by a gently riſing approach between high banks covered with trees, buſhes, ivy, hedge-plants, and wild flowers."

Bembridge Down ſhould alſo be viſited when the touriſt is at Brading. It caps Culver Cliffs, whence perhaps, the iſland is ſeen at its beſt. An author, who, when writing of the iſle, wrote with a love for every nook and hill it poſſeſſes, ſays :— "At the Weſt end of the Culver Cliffs, and thirty feet below their ſummit, is 'The Hermit's Hole;' a cavern which penetrates about twenty feet into the rock. There is a path leading to it, but ſo ſteep, rugged, and dangerous, that only the moſt ventureſome would attempt to deſcend. Nor is there anything in the cavern to compenſate for the danger and difficulty incurred in reaching it. Theſe cliffs are much reſorted to by gulls and pigeons. From the latter they received their name, *culppe* being the Saxon word for pigeon."

Nor ſhould the touriſt forget to viſit Aſhey Down, one of the higheſt points in the iſland. No words better than Legh Richmond's can deſcribe the view from this elevated poſition. He ſays :—"Southward the view is terminated by a long range of hills (Shanklin, Wroxall, and Appuldurcombe) at about ſix miles diſtant. They meet to the weſtward another chain of hills, of which the one whereon I ſit forms a link, and the whole together nearly encompaſs a rich and fruitful valley

filled with corn-fields and paſtures. Through this vale winds a ſmall ſtream for many miles; here and there leſſer eminences ariſe in the valley, ſome covered with wood, others with corn and graſs, and a few with heath and fern—one of theſe hills is diſtinguiſhed by a church (New Church) at the top, preſenting a ſtriking figure in the landſcape. Villages, churches, country ſeats, farm-houſes, and cottages are ſcattered over part of the ſouthern valley. In this direction alſo appears an ancient manſion (Kingſton) embelliſhed with woods, groves, and gardens. Southward is a broad expanſe of ocean, bounded only by the horizon. More to the eaſt, in continuation of the chain of hills on which I am ſitting (Aſhey), riſe two downs—Brading and Yaverland hills—one beyond the other. Both are covered with ſheep, and the ſea is juſt viſible over the fartheſt hill as a terminating boundary. At this point are ſeen ſhips, ſome of which are ſailing, and others laying at anchor. Weſtward the hills follow each other, forming ſeveral intermediate and partial valleys, in undulations like the waves of the ſea, and bending to the ſouth complete the boundary of the larger valley I have deſcribed, to the ſouthward of the hill on which I ſit. One hill alone, St. Catherine's, the higheſt in the iſland, and about ten miles to the ſouth-weſtward, is enveloped in a cloud which juſt permits a dim and hazy ſight of a ſignal-poſt, a light-houſe, and an ancient chantry on its ſummit."

Quarr Abbey.

NOT far from Ryde is Quarr Abbey, which once had the diſtinction, in its palmy days, of being faſhionable—faſhion in monaſtic life having been as powerful as elſewhere. The deſcendants of the trees which ſhadowed the Abbey in Norman times ſtill fill in what remains of the Abbey ruins, and make it full of ſweet ſhadows and croſs-lights.

The Abbey was one of the earlieſt of which England could boaſt, and owed its exiſtence to the beneficence and piety of a lord of the iſle, Baldwin de Redvers. The building was ready for peopling in 1132-3, and ſoon a poſſe of Benedictine monks from Savigni, in Normandy, took poſſeſſion. The Abbey was dedicated to the Virgin, perhaps owing to its eſtabliſhment being ſo near the ſea. And this dedication it was, which probably led to the more familiar title beſtowed by the monks upon the Abbey—that of "La Fille de Savigni."

The faſhion of this Benedictine abbey was ſoon quite ſettled. It became the mode for the knights and gentlemen of

the iſland generally, to patroniſe the eſtabliſhment, while it was part of the very duty of the lord of the iſle to be its foſtering friend. The monaſtic ſyſtem was not averſe to the acquiſition of lands, and Quarr Abbey ſoon grew rich, and poſſeſſed eſtates at Shalfleet, Chale, Shorwell (one of the moſt fertile bits in the iſle), Compton, and Luccombe. At many other points the monks held land, while at Binſtead itſelf, a large piece of the pariſh was attached to the Abbey. No doubt the charity beſtowed by Quarr was equal to the demand made upon it. Nobody has ever doubted the liberal-handedneſs of the Abbeys in dealing with the poor, nor muſt it be forgotten that theſe eſtates were wreſted from the fears or liberality of the rich Norman conquerors who had received their lands through William I.

In 1340 the Abbey was ſtrongly fortified againſt the attacks of the French, and the walls around it pierced with loopholes. A portcullis, erected where a door or ſanctuary ſhould have ſtood, annihilated all the peaceful religious aſpect which muſt have been the charm of a monaſtery, as it was the end of its eſtabliſhment.

And exactly as the temporal power of the abbots of Quarr ſhut out its ſpiritual ſtrength, ſo riches and vanity got into the very graves of the patrons of the Abbey, who elected to be buried within its military walls. The ſimple placing of the dead body of the monk in the ſquare of ground ſurrounded by the cloiſters, was a habitude at Quarr which faded with its poverty. When William de Vernon came to be buried here, it was found that he had left the equivalent of nearly five thouſand pounds ſterling of the money of to-day to buy him a tomb.

By this time the abbot of Quarr was the equal in power with the lord of the iſle. But retribution was hovering over

the Abbey as over every monaſtic eſtabliſhment in England. The rats had undermined their own dwelling-places. Almoſt the laſt magnificence of Quarr was the reception and interment, in 1507, of the remains of Lady Cicely, a daughter of Edward IV. By the commencement of the ſixteenth century, riches and faſhion had hopeleſſly perverted Quarr Abbey from all its original purpoſes. Nay, we hear little even of its charity—a partial compenſation which the monks have always been ready to offer. Sixteen abbots had Quarr, from its riſe to its fall. This gives an average to the reign of each abbot of nearly a quarter of a century, but Abbot Walter, elected in 1323, found the abbotry ſo good that he held it no leſs than fifty-five years.

When the ſhadow of the Reformation was falling upon Quarr, its rent-roll was equal to £2,000 a year of our money. By this time the power of the pen had been directed againſt Quarr. Lambard very early in the ſixteenth century had caſt a ſhaft at it. "Although," he ſays, "Paulus Jovius wrote that the inhabitants of this iſland be wont to boaſt merely that they neyther had amongſt them monks, lawyers, wolves, nor foxes, yet I find them all, ſave one (the lawyers), in one monaſtery, called Quarr, valued at 134 pounds of yearly revenue, and founded in the year 1132, after the order of Savigniac in France."

Came Henry VIII., and down went abbey, abbot, and monks; the building was given up to decay, the inhabitants turned out to find bread as beſt they might. Fortunately the men of Quarr were men of family, and therefore, in all probability, the ejected monks did not die in the bye-ways as many religioniſts did, abſolutely of ſtarvation.

Commerce ſwept over quiet old Quarr. Two wealthy merchants, brothers, named Mills, called the place theirs, and

did what they liked with their own. What they liked was to turn its refectory into a barn, its chapel into a ſtable, and ſo was an end of the mighty Abbey of Quarr. A bit of wall, a few windows, and a couple of doorways are, all that is left of an inſtitution which was eſtabliſhed in charity and died in luxury.

In 1857 a road was being made cloſe by the few ſtones which may be called the Abbey ruins, when the men found an impediment which—but let us quote the paragraph that appeared in the *Iſle of Wight Obſerver*:—"Three ſmall ſtone boxes or cheſts, each cheſt being about two feet in length and one foot wide, were diſcovered. They were placed ſide by ſide,—two of them nearly cloſe together, and the third a foot or two to the ſouth. Upon removing the heavy ſtones of which the lids were compoſed, three human ſkeletons in a good ſtate of preſervation were found. The leg and arm bones were on either ſide, the ribs and ſmall bones in the centre, and the ſkulls at the weſtern end, the latter being in all three caſes turned upſide down. It was evident theſe remains had been removed at ſome time or other from the place of their original burial, and that they were of perſons of diſtinction was beyond doubt, or ſuch care would not have been beſtowed upon them."

And now antiquarians had a chance. The bones were found to be (1) thoſe of an aged man, (2) of an aged woman, and (3) of a ſtalwart man of forty years. Is there any probability in the happy ſuggeſtion that theſe were the remains of Baldwin de Redvers, his fair lady, and their ſon? It may be ſo. One can imagine that in the courſe of a century or two, the walls of the Abbey failing near the founder's grave, the maſons were ſet to work, the crumbling bones of the founder, his dame, and their ſon were reverently collected, put into ſtone boxes, and carried near the chancel for burial.

A little legend and ſuperſtition hangs about Quarr, by the way. From what ruined abbey is ſuperſtition wholly abſent? The tales told of Quarr ſeem to have an origin ſimilar to the treaſure myths of Bretagne, and may have come to England in the wake of the Normans, the neighbours when at home, of thoſe people of Brittany, who to this day hope, almoſt to a man, to become rich by the diſcovery of hidden treaſure. At Quarr this treaſure, according to one tradition, takes the ſhape of a ſubterranean paſſage, cloſed by a golden gate; while in the other it is a golden coffin, which contains the body of Eleanor of Guienne, conſort of Henry II., who was impriſoned here, and tradition ſays, was buried in a wood ſouth of the Abbey, and which is ſtill protected from diſcovery by magical ſpells. What remains of this wood is to this day called Eleanor Grove.

East and West Cowes.

COWES began on the west, and taking in the east, anciently called Shamblord, gave its name to the new town, and thenceforth the colony of houses was divided into West and East Cowes by the river Medina, which, in its relation to the town, well deserves its name.

An author writing in 1808 says:—"This town, which is pretty large and populous, stands on the declivity of a hill on the west side of the river Medina, where it empties itself into the sea. Hence its easy access either from Portsmouth or Southampton. The lower parts of the town are narrow, irregular, and crowded. Here is a considerable trade carried on in every kind of provision, so that vessels may supply themselves with ease when destined to the remotest climes. The elevated parts of the town are delightful, boasting purity of air, and all the charms of a variegated prospect. Not only gentlemen of the navy are partial to the spot, but many of the nobility and gentry reside here during the summer season."

The author goes on further triumphantly to ſtate that to ſuch a pitch of civilization has Cowes reached, that a veſſel can be had to take a traveller to Portſmouth for ten ſhillings, a ſum which will now carry him to London, and in very little more time than it then required to reach Portſmouth.

Cowes, like Ryde, ſuddenly roſe into favour, as inland baths went out of faſhion, and the ſea-ſide was declared by the faculty to be the moſt curative ſpot for the invalid. In ten

COWES.

(*From a Painting, by permiſſion of* Meſſrs. Brown & Wheeler)

recent years Cowes increaſed its population by one fourth. It has no independent municipal exiſtence, but is included in the borough of Newport. It has however, a local board, whoſe members are elected by the ratepayers.

Cowes Harbour is the eſtuary of the Medina (here half a mile acroſs), combining with the Solent Sea. Commodious, admirably ſheltered, and capable of admitting veſſels of heavy

tonnage, its importance was very ſoon recogniſed. Indeed, Cowes is the one point on the iſland which has anything like the appearance of a ſerious maritime exiſtence. The cuſtoms now levied annually in this port amount to nearly £4,000.

Weſt Cowes Caſtle was one of the round forts built by Henry VIII., after his rupture with Spain, and when the threat of a Spaniſh invaſion, which was only attempted in the reign of his daughter Elizabeth, gave ſome uneaſineſs to the country.

Like moſt other caſtles built for the defence of a diſtrict, it ultimately came to be a ſtate priſon, and in the time of Cromwell this was the only uſe to which the building was applied. Here was confined Davenant, the playwright, the firſt man to introduce opera into England. After the reſtoration, Weſt Cowes Caſtle, in common with the other ſtrongholds of the iſland, became valueleſs. In 1781 the "Caſtle" garriſon conſiſted of a captain at ten ſhillings a day, and half-a-dozen gunners. Gradually the caſtle fell into diſuſe. But in our time it has been turned to account; for in 1856-7 it was ſold to the Royal Yacht Club, who at once ſet to work and made it for the firſt time during its exiſtence perfectly charming.

The chief dockyard and ſhipbuilding eſtabliſhment is that of the Meſſrs. White, whoſe fame is world-wide, and who have built for every civiliſed navy in the world. The ſwifteſt yachts upon the ſeas have been launched from their yards, where more than four hundred men are employed throughout the year.

With yachts and ſeamen ſwarming at Cowes, it need not be ſaid that the ſtreets, narrow and hilly, partake to a large extent of that oil-ſkin and ſhip-upon-ſhore character which is common to all ſuch localities. However, the outſkirts reached, many open and pleaſant roads at once greet the eyes.

To the Royal Yacht Club Cowes owes very much of its

proſperity. At its foundation, in 1812, the Club conſiſted of 42 members. Here is its condition in 1840:—"There are now 157 members, viz., 3 dukes, 3 marqueſſes, 12 earls, 3 viſcounts, 7 lords, 18 baronets, 7 honorables, 14 M.P.'s, 1 lieutenant-general, 6 colonels, 1 major, 5 poſt captains, and 77 eſquires—and 102 yachts of different ſizes, from 30 tons to 451 tons; total tonnage, 9,632, employing upwards of 1,300 ſeamen, beſide ſhipwrights, joiners, ſail-makers, &c.

"Any gentleman, being the *bonâ fide* owner of a Britiſh yacht of 30 tons, or upwards, is eligible to become a member: there are four balloting days in the year, viz., on the ſecond Saturday in May, at the Thatched Houſe Tavern, London; on the ſecond Friday in July, on the ſecond Friday in Auguſt, and on the firſt Friday in September; the three laſt at the R.Y.C. Houſe, Cowes.

"There are 502 honorary members, conſiſting principally of admirals and captains in the royal navy.

"The members pay an entrance fee of £15, and a ſubſcription of £8 annually. The honorary members pay no ſubſcription, except they uſe the houſe and reading room, and then £1 per year: they are allowed to board and lodge in the houſe, the ſame as the members, except between the 15th and 25th of Auguſt. Each member can introduce a friend to the houſe for fourteen days; and if longer, the member muſt renew his friend's name in the viſitor's book at the end of each term; the member's friend ſo introduced has the uſe of the library, reading room, and houſe, gratis."

Since 1840 the importance of the Club has wonderfully augmented. It now includes nearly 200 members, poſſeſſing ſeven ſcore yachts, and giving employment to nearly 2,000 ſeamen. No yacht under thirty tons is enrolled in the Club.

The annual regatta is one of the events of the ſeaſon, drawing nearly all Engliſh yachting men to the iſle in Auguſt, and attracting year after year a greater number of foreigners. In fact, the ſplendour of the Cowes yachts has afforded the younger Dumas an opening for a ſcene in his comedy entitled "The Prodigal Father." It is a queſtion of taking ſome ladies of quality a ſea-trip, from one of the ſea-ſide reſorts upon the northern coaſt of France—Dieppe.

"Tell me, young man," ſays the extravagant father of the comedy, "how would you manage if you were permitted to conduct the marchioneſs and her niece, who have a fancy for a trip on the ſea, from this place to Tréport?"

"I ſhould manage very ſimply. I ſhould call a fiſherman, and hire his boat."

"And you think you would thereby act like a gentleman? You hand a couple of ladies into a fiſhing ſmack, ſmelling of fiſh and pitch, and you think you have done your duty!"

"What elſe could I do?"

"Liſten; this is what I ſhould do. I ſhould ſend a deſpatch to White, the great Engliſh yacht builder at Cowes, ordering him to bring over a yacht at once, manned, equipped, and quite ready—a veſſel fit for ladies."

Eaſt Cowes is not ſo proſperous as its fellow, otherwiſe its deſcription is ſimply a repetition of that of Weſt Cowes—yachting, ſailors, a ſearching ſmell of ſhips' proviſions, and quantities of oil-ſkin.

High up in the town the viſitor will find a Botanic Garden. There is also an Eaſt Cowes Caſtle, but not the one built by Henry VIII., correſponding to that of Weſt Cowes. Not a veſtige of this building remains. Groſe in his *Antiquities* ſays:—"This has been long totally demoliſhed; the materials have from time to time been carried away, ſome within the

memory of perſons now living, in order to build a houſe at Newport, and for other erections."

Both Weſt and Eaſt Cowes are well provided with places of worſhip for all denominations. At Eaſt Cowes the Trinity maſters have a houſe, while Her Majeſty poſſeſſes a private landing-place.

From Newport to Whippingham is a delightful walk, thus deſcribed by Charles Knight:—"The rambler may very well keep beſide the river to Whippingham, occaſionally aſcending the uplands; and if he be a lover of river ſcenery, he will not regret the devious courſe it has led him. The broad ſweep of the ſtream ſtretches before you in bold ſweeping curves, its clear green water curling into light ripples, and reflecting in long tremulous lines the white ſails that are gliding rapidly along; on each ſide are fine hanging woods, or ſlopes of 'glad light green.' In front the view is bounded by ſoftly-ſwelling uplands, or when a turn in the path brings into ſight the broad opening where the river falls into the ſea, by the ſilver Solent, and the hazy coaſt beyond."

Whippingham Church is a charmed place, as being that now uſed through many years by the Queen as her place of worſhip when in the iſle. But the old building was ſwept away to make room for a new edifice, the firſt ſtone of which was laid by Her Majeſty seven months, almoſt to a day, before the Prince Conſort expired. The act was one of the laſt royal public works previous to that great cataſtrophe. The old church was not of extraordinary architectural intereſt, but it was much viſited by reaſon of its aſſociations with the royal family of England. Knight ſays of the old building:—"The only poſſible thing to notice inſide would be its ſcrupulous cleanness. Now, of courſe, the royal pews are looked at by the ſtranger, but they are quiet and unaſſuming, only diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by a rather richer lining."

Oſborne.

OSBORNE is derived from Auſterburne. The eſtate which formed a nucleus for the 5,000 acres now compriſed in the word Oſborne, was the hereditary land of the Bowermans through many generations. From them it paſſed through the hands of the Arneys to the Lovibonds, who held it until the time of Charles I., when it paſſed into the poſſeſſion of Euſtace Mann, about whoſe memory is told one of thoſe treaſure tales with which Quarr is aſſociated. It is said that Mann buried a large ſum of money in a wood near his houſe, and never could find the ſpot beneath which the treaſure lay. The tradition will not hold water, but the common people in ſupport of their belief, triumphantly point to the fact that the ſpot is called to this day Money Coppice. No doubt many a ruſtic, when that part of the iſle was leſs ſtrictly guarded than it now is, has ſought in a deſultory way for the loſt treaſure. If it has been found, no whiſper of the diſcovery has reached the general

ear. The grand-daughter of this Euſtace Mann married a Mr. Blachford, whoſe ſon built Oſborne House, a manſion of ſome architectural pretenſion. It was a deſcendant of this gentleman, the Lady Iſabella Blachford, who ſold the eſtate to the Queen in 1840. By ſubſequent purchaſes, it now extends almoſt from the Medina on the weſt, to King's Quay on the eaſt; and here at King's Quay, it is ſaid, John King of England remained in hiding for ſome time, when threatened

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by the barons; hence the name, King's Quay. Indeed, ſeveral iſolated atoms of traditional evidence go to prove that John muſt unqueſtionably have viſited the iſland.

The old unpretending houſe was pulled down, and the handſome Italian building which now occupies its ſite erected in its ſtead. It is believed that the architecture of Oſborne is almoſt wholly due to the late Prince Conſort. The two towers, which

can be seen quite readily from Spithead, anſwer the purpoſe—the one (90 feet high) of a campanile or bell tower, the other (107 feet in height) of a flag tower.

The Queen's apartments face the ſea, but it is ſaid Her Majeſty's great delight when at Oſborne is to paſs much of her time, when the weather will permit, upon one or other of the flat terrace roofs with which the houſe abounds. In the photograph the Queen's rooms are thoſe on the right, ſituated before the flag tower.

Viſitors are ſo rigorouſly excluded from the palace and grounds of Oſborne, that very little is known concerning either. The gardens are eſſentially of the terrace order, and they ſlope almoſt to the water's edge. The houſe itſelf is crowded with works of art, and eſpecially examples of ſculpture by the greateſt ſculptors in the Engliſh ſchool.

But if, on the one hand, the public are excluded from the palace and park of Oſborne, on the other hand it muſt be felt that the intereſt the Queen took in the eſtablishment of the model farm, was, up to the time of the Prince Conſort's death, boundleſs and conſtant. Upon that model farm was conducted a ſeries of experiments which we have no doubt muſt have reſulted in a great advance in agricultural knowledge had the promoter been ſpared to continue his work. As it happened there was no time afforded to admit of reſults, and there remains but the commencement of a great work. Every farmer in the vicinity, who had an opportunity of exerciſing his judgment, will bear teſtimony to the extraordinary vigour and ſkill with which the Prince's agricultural experiments were carried on. Nor was ſport forgotten: the eſtate ſtill maintains ſome excellent kennels.

The Oſborne lodges on the Eaſt Cowes road are of ſingularly fanciful deſign. Oſborne muſt not be left without ſome

reference to the one chapter of antiquity in connection with the place. One of the eſtates abſorbed into the royal demeſne was that of Barton Manor. Coming, almoſt immediately after the Conqueſt, into the hands of the Fitz Sturs, their heireſs, in the reign of Henry III., married one Walter de Inſula, who, very obviouſly by his name, had been born on the iſle. Shortly afterwards, in 1272, John de Inſula, his brother, founded here a religious houſe, endowed it nobly, and dedicated it to the Trinity. The conſtitution of this eſtabliſhment, preſerved at Wincheſter, gives an antiquarian intereſt to the ſpot. Here is a copy of it.

"1. There ſhall be ſix chaplains and one clerk, to officiate both for the living and the dead, under the rules of St. Auguſtine. 2. One of theſe ſhall be preſented to the Biſhop of Wincheſter to be the arch-prieſt, to whom the reſt ſhall take an oath of obedience. 3. The arch-prieſt ſhall be choſen by the chaplains there reſiding, who ſhall preſent him to the biſhop within twenty days after any vacancy ſhall happen. 4. They ſhall be ſubject to the immediate authority of the biſhop. 5. When any chaplain ſhall die, his goods ſhall remain in the oratory. 6. They ſhall have only one meſs, with a pittance at a meal, excepting on the greater feſtivals, when they may have three meſſes. 7. They ſhall be diligent in reading and praying. 8. They ſhall not go beyond the bounds of the oratory without licence from the arch-prieſt. 9. Their habits ſhall be of one colour, either blue or black; they ſhall be clothed *pallio Hibernienſi de nigra boneta cum pileo* (in the Iriſh veſtment of a black bonnet and a cloak). 10. The arch-prieſt ſhall ſit at the head of the table, next to him thoſe who have celebrated the great maſs, then the prieſt of St. Mary, next the prieſt of the Holy Trinity, and then the prieſt who ſays maſs for the dead. 11. The clerk ſhall read ſomething edifying to them

while they dine. 12. They ſhall ſleep in one room. 13. They ſhall make ſpecial prayer for their benefactors. 14. They ſhall, in all their ceremonies, and in tinkling the bell, follow the uſe of Sarum. 15. The arch-prieſt alone ſhall have charge of the buſineſs of the houſe. 16. All of them, after their admiſſion into the houſe, ſhall ſwear to obſerve these ſtatutes. *Further Ordered:*—After a year and a day from entering into the oratory, no one ſhall accept of any other benefice, or ſhall depart the houſe."

Upon the diſſolution of religious eſtabliſhments, this of the Holy Trinity fell to pieces, and ultimately upon its ſite, or near it, was built in the time of Elizabeth, Barton Court, which remained in partial exiſtence until pulled down on its purchaſe by Her Majeſty.

Moody ſays of this building:—"One peculiarity of the houſe was, that it contained a room about twelve feet ſquare, known as the Chapel, which had been apparently fitted up as a ſecret chapel for the performance of maſs, ſubſequent to the Reformation, and which, within the memory of living individuals, retained its altar, crucifix, and other Catholic acceſſories." Some portions of the old building, its ſouthern and its eaſtern front, were however, retained, and now form part of the royal reſidence.

NEWPORT, FROM THE SOUTH.

Newport.

LEAVING Osborne, Whippingham Church neſtles in a hollow in front, while the land is dotted with the red brick buildings occupied by the royal labourers' cottages. They are pleaſant little buildings, yet with that model look about them which is ſo comfortleſs. Throughout, there are evidences of the intereſt taken by Her Majeſty and the Prince in the improvement of the eſtate. The labourers meet you with perfect ſimplicity, yet with a full knowledge that they are a ſort of ſhow folk. Here we find the practical out-crop of royalty in our time. It leans to agriculture, to making itſelf one with others, to its being people amongſt the people, and to poſſeſſing intereſts identical with theirs.

It is well to turn from the ſmiling acres, the undulating valleys, and the red brick cots, to the left, and look upon that frowning caſtle which now comes in view. A great contraſt —on the one hand the heavy walls, on the other the royalty of to-day. Where are thoſe old caſtles, with their thick-hided

miſtruſt? The moats are dry, the bridges have fallen, the portcullises are ruſted, and the walls are crumbling:—colonies for half-ſtarved owls, jays, rooks, and magpies; the whole placed in the feeble care of ſome poor aged retainer, who totters over the place, and opens the outer door with a ruſty key. The deſcendants of the caſtellans have gone into civiliſed houſes, and as to their ſucceſs, the anſwer is in the ſmiling acres around Oſborne, and in the quiet manner in which the Queen drives about the iſland.

Suddenly the traveller faces Newport—Whippingham ſteeple is loſt—Whippingham, which owns a chapelry that pays ten ſhillings a year in acknowledgment of its dependency. And now we face the hill crowned by Cariſbrook Caſtle.

The firſt warning Cariſbrook had of its fate, was when Iſabel ſold the iſle to the Engliſh crown. Hitherto Newport was the village. Cariſbrook, neſtling under the Caſtle, was the capital of the iſland. But with the ſale Cariſbrook loſt its importance as the reſidence of a feudal baron, and with that importance fell what power was poſſeſſed by the Priory, a power which well competed with that of Quarr.

Newport now began to riſe in importance, for while the miſtruſtful Caſtle was on a hill, Newport was ſituated more wiſely on a river, and its boats ſoon began to be buſy carrying the corn and hay grown in the heart of the iſle, and bringing back such commodities as foreign lands and diſtant London had to offer. Soon the ſong of the water-mill was heard upon the banks of the river, and Cariſbrook began to fall to pieces. However, the brave old place ſtill holds up its hoary head. A couple of modern cannon would ſend it into a heap of rubbiſh in an hour, but there being no need to interfere with its green old age, it remains a pleaſant end to a touriſt's jaunt.

Newport is, looſely ſpeaking, nearly in the centre of the iſland,

and advantageouſly ſituated for commerce, which here has never, from the time of the Reformation, ceaſed ſteadily to increaſe.

The Medina, the river upon which Newport lies, is navigable up to the town for ſmall craft only, but the power of the engineer has been felt in ſome degree, as in almoſt all parts of England.

Newport exports corn, which is carried down to Cowes, where it is re-ſhipped, the return cargoes conſiſting of coal, iron, timber, and groceries; for Newport is the centre whence the interior and back of the iſland are ſupplied with their daily luxuries.

In the time of good Sir Richard Worſley, that baronet was proud to make the record, that on market-day, every Saturday, not fewer than 200 waggon loads of various kinds of grain were brought into the town, amounting to from 1,300 to 1,500 quarters, the greater part of which remained on the iſland until converted into ſhips' bread, or rather biſcuit, which was preferably bought up for the Engliſh navy.

Newport itſelf is not very ſtriking, for there is no building within its boundaries calling for high admiration, while the houſes themſelves have little of the quaintneſs of age to recommend them. The town, however, is wide and open, while its ſeveral ſquares give it an airy appearance which is much in its favour.

The ancient Church of St. Thomas à Becket muſt have been eſtabliſhed about 1180, the founder being Richard de Redvers, a pious ſoul, who covenanted with the priory at Cariſbrook, that two monks ſhould pray at St. Thomas's daily. The building was due to much brotherly effort, for every guild in the town gave the church a helping hand, and hence it came to paſs, that the diſtinguiſhing ſigns of each

company were carved upon the exterior walls. It remained a chapelry of Carisbrook until very recently. Newport also possesses the power of appointing its own minister, who at one time depended upon voluntary contributions, but at a later date upon a town rate. However, the burgesses strove, even so early as the time of the unhappy Charles I., to render Newport parochial, but without success. Many were the petitions forwarded to Parliament in the endeavour to obtain this advantage—petitions that were considered, and practically put on one side.

Here is a copy of one of the petitions in question.

"*The humble Petition of the Maior and Burgesses, and other cheife inhabitants of the Burrough of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, Sheweth:—*

"1. That the said Burough is a Corporation, a port Towne, and auntient Markett Towne, wch serveth the whole Isle of Wight. Seated in the hart of the Island, consisting of about three thousand soules there in habitant, adourned wth a very convenient Church lately enlarged, and well-fitted, and bewtified by the greate expense of the Inhabitants.

"2. That the said Church being called St. Thomas Chappell is but a Chappell of Ease unto the p'ish of Carisbrooke, wch is a greater p'ish, the viccarage thereof, wth the other profitts thereto belonging, being reputed to be worth twoe hundred pounds at the least, and the obventions, oblations, and proffitts due to the Vicar, out of Newport, xxli pound, or thereabouts, whereof Mr. Alexander Rosse, the nowe Incumbent (liveing out of the Island), alloweth but ten pounds pr annum to the newe curate, namely Mr. William Harby, Master of Arts, an able and laborious preacher, and a man of honest conversation, whoe for the time of his abode in Newport, being about twelve yeares, hath not omitted preaching there on any Saboth day (unless by sickness or other necessity he hath been p'vented).

"3. That the cure of soules in Newport hath been but meanly served in times past, and like enough would be soe nowe, did not the Inhabitants, by a voluntary benevolence to the said Mr. Harby make an addition to his meanes to keepe him wth them. And it is greatly feared that in time to come the Inhabitants may suffer much want of spirituall foode for their soules—if their preachers means be not augmented.

"Yr Petrs therefore moſt humbly pray that the p'miſſes may be taken into yr hoble and pious conſideration. And that yt may be enacted and ſettled by Parliamt, if that high and hoble houſe think it convenient, that the ſaid Burrough of Newport may be a diſtinct p'iſh of ytſelf. And that yor Petrs and their ſucceſſors may have the p'entation of the parſon thereof for ever, wch if it may be obteyned, yr Petrs (albeit the town is very poor, and they have been at extraordinarie charge already unto the church) yet for the advancemt of preaching the Word of God in the ſame Burrough they are very willing that it be alſo enacted that tweive pence of every pound of the yearly rents of the houſes and lands within the ſaid Burrough (wch it is conſidered will amount to a competency) ſhall be rayſed for an addition of means tō the parson of the ſaid Burrough for perpetuity, wch yor Petrs conceive will be a great work of piety, and muſt tend to the glory of Almighty God, the greate comforte of the ſouls of his people in the said Burrough inhabiting and thither reſorting ffor wch y Petrs ſhall ever be bound to thankfulneſs."

This petition is dated February 1, 1640.

Nine years before its date a rich inhabitant, being a burgeſs of Newport, had beſtowed upon the church a new and fantaſtic pulpit, carved by one Caper, an appropriate name, who uſed an appropriate ſymbol of himſelf upon the carved wood, in the ſhape of a carved goat. This pulpit is ſtill to be ſeen in the new church, which was built upon the ſite of the ancient building.

One William Pavey, who flouriſhed in 1718-19, gives a very elaborate deſcription of this old church, dedicated to Thomas à Becket.

"The church is like, at firſt view, three ridged houſes joined, embattled on the top. On the upper part are five windows between ſix leaden ſpouts, and underneath four large windows, with a large porch, which is the grand entrance, in the middle of the ſouth ſide. The tower is pretty lofty, and embattled with four pinnacles.

"Within the church is one of the moſt curious carved *pulpits* that I ever ſaw, the work of one Thomas Caper (who now lies buried in Saliſbury), Ano. Dm. 1630, in which year the ſeats likewiſe were erected. It was a

donation of one Stephen March, whoſe creſt is againſt the back of the pulpit.* As for the carving, round the ſounding board of it is this inſcription in neat, wrought, and gilded letters: '*Cry aloud and ſpare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet.*' The pulpit is divided into two rows of baſ-relief carved images. On the uppermoſt row are curiouſly deſcribed the four Cardinal Virtues and the three Graces, with their types; and on the lower rank the ſeven liberal ſciences—namely Grammatica, Dialectica, Rhetorica, Muſica, Arithmetica Geometria, and Aſtronomia, with the ſeveral ſymbols and characteriſtics of each ſcience. 'Tis a true church militant, for there is a canon placed to defend the church now it is in danger. Nothing more remarkable in it, but a neat, light grey marble front. [This is in the new building, and bears an inſcription—'*The givet of Anne Keith, Widow*, 1637.']

"Underneath the ſtep that goes up to the altar is the vault wherein is interred the *Lady Elizabeth*, daughter to King Charles I.; and this is the inſcription, as Mr. John Gilbert, jun., told me:—

"'THE LADY ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER TO KING CHARLES THE 1ST, SEPT. 8, MDCL.'

"Againſt the ſouth wall is the famed tomb of Sir Edward Horſley, Knt., who was often ſent thither in Henry VIII.'s time, to defend it from any ſudden invaſion from France. It is a curious marble monument, on which lies his effigies at length, armed at all points complete, with his hands held up, and joined in a praying manner, and on an oval piece of black marble this epitaph:—

"' Edvardvs qvi miles erat fortiſſimvs Horſey.
Vectis erat præſes, conſtans terraq. mariq.
Magnanimvs placidæ ſvb pacis nomine fortis
Jvſtitiæ Cvltor qvam fidvs amicvs amico
Favtor Evangelii delectvs Principe vixit
Mvnificvs Popvlo mvltvm delectvs ab omni
Vixit et vt ſancte ſic ſtamina ſancte peregit.'

"' Qvi ob. 23 die Marcii,
Anno Domini 1582."

"This is all that is worth notice in the Church.

"In the church-yard, which is about a quarter of a mile weſt of the church, neatly walled in, are the following remarkable inſcriptions:—

"'Here lyeth the body of Mastr George Shergold, late Miniſter of New-

* Was the goat the creſt of Stephen March, or a punning ſymbol of the carver's name? Perhaps it meant both.

port, who, during ſixteen years in diſcharge of his office, ſtrictly obſerved the true diſcipline of the Church of England, diſliking that dead bodies ſhould be buried in God's houſe, appointed to be interred in this place. He dyed univerſally lamented and eſteemed, January 23, 1707.'

"On a head-ſtone on the ſouth ſide of the church-yard, this:—

"'Here lyeth y^e^ body of John Smith, who departed this life y^e^ 12th day of Auguſt, in y^e^ year of our Lord 1712, in y^e^ 24th year of his age.'

"'Stay, gentle reader, ſpend a tear
Upon y^e^ duſt y^t^ ſleepeth ere;
And whilſt thou read'ſt y^e^ ſtate of me,
Think on y^e^ glaſs y^t^ runs for thee.'"

"On a braſs plate on a fine raiſed tomb near y^e^ middle of y^e^ church-yard:—

"'Here is laid y^e^ body of Mr. John Stanner, who departed this life ye 26th of March, 1713, in y^e^ 65th year of his age: a man exemplary for piety, and forward in works of charity, eſpecially worthy of a good and laſting (*ſic*) for an act of gratitude more than common, as in return for a ſeaſonable (tho' noe great) benefaction, he bequeathed y^e^ greateſt ſhare of his eſtate (gotten by an honeſt induſtry) to come to y^e^ great-grandchildren of that his benefactor.'

"See by this how y^e^ bread that a man may have caſt upon y^e^ waves cometh to be again found after many days."

It was in 1853-4, not very many years after Her Majeſty had acquired the Oſborne eſtate, that the old church of St. Thomas exhibited ſuch unequivocal ſigns of decay that its demolition became an abſolute neceſſity. Already the royal family had identified themſelves moſt heartily with all ſchemes tending to the advancement of the iſland, and therefore the Prince Conſort readily conſented to officiate at the laying of the foundation ſtone of the new building, which was placed on Auguſt 24th, 1854. The works were ſo vigorouſly carried on that the edifice was opened for divine worſhip in 1856. By that time £10,000 had been laid out upon the building. The church is in the ſtyle known as Early Engliſh. It exhibits much harmony; it is light, elegant, and worthy of its architect, Mr. Daukes.

The monuments which gave ſo great an intereſt to the ancient church were replaced in the new building. And now it was that Her Majeſty ſhowed the tender memory in which ſhe held that royal unfortunate, the Princeſs Elizabeth. Here, in the new church of St. Thomas, ſhe has erected a monument in memory of that unhappy princeſs, who, at a very early age, muſt have welcomed death as a ſweet relief. The monument is one of the moſt ſucceſsful works of the late Baron Marochetti. It repreſents the princeſs lying dead under the window of her priſon, which they ſhow you at Cariſbrook, her head pillowed upon a Bible as ſhe was found by the jailors who watched her. The likeneſs is from a portrait in the poſſeſſion of Her Majeſty, and the following inſcription completes the work:—"To the memory of the Princeſs Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who died at Cariſbrook Caſtle on Sunday, Sept. 8th, 1650, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church, this monument is erected—a token of reſpect for her virtues, and of ſympathy for her misfortunes—by Victoria R., 1856."

Speaking of this princeſs, Clarendon ſays:—"She was a lady of diſtinguiſhed parts, of quick obſervation, and early underſtanding." She ſank into an early grave at the age of fifteen, three of which ſhe had paſſed in confinement. Hume ſays it was intended by her Puritan jailors to have apprenticed the princeſs to a button-maker in Newport, but the ſtatement utterly lacks evidence. "*Vatene in pace alma beata e bella.*" She expired about nineteen months after the execution of the king, dying no doubt all the time. It was ſo late as 1793 that the remains were diſcovered in a vault near the altar. A ſtone bearing the letters E. S. (Elizabeth Stuart) marked the ſpot. The vault was perfectly dry, and contained a leaden coffin, which appeared as though new, and bore this inſcription—

a ſtrangely royal one for her parliamentary undertakers to place upon it—

ELIZABETH 2D DAVGHTER
OF Y^E LATE KING CHARLES
Dece'd Sept. 8 MDCL.

A kindlier epitaph followed, two centuries being paſt.

Up to the time of Elizabeth the dead of Newport were carried to Cariſbrook, but during the life of that monarch, an epidemic raging in Newport, the burial ground at Cariſbrook was found too narrow, and the people of Newport, turning their attention to the formation of a graveyard of their own, obtained the grant of a ſtretch of land on the ſouth ſide of the town, which is uſed as a cemetery to this day.

Newport is a market town and a borough; Saturday is the general market day, and to the market the whole produce of the iſland is brought. Upon every other Wedneſday a cattle market is held. The annual fair, which is dying out, as all annual fairs are expiring, is held every Whit-Monday and two following days. Newport has a juriſdiction of its own, holds a court of borough petty ſeſſions every Monday, and county petty ſeſſions every Saturday. Once a month, alſo, a county court for the iſland ſits at Newport.

It was at the inſtance of Sir George Carey, Governor of the Iſle of Wight, that Newport was ſummoned to return two repreſentatives to Parliament in the 27th of Elizabeth, 1585. From that date, when candidates for parliamentary honours were far from plentiful, to the preſent time, Newport has always been regularly repreſented. However, it muſt be admitted that until the operation of the firſt Reform Act Newport was unqueſtionably a cloſe borough, for the right of voting had till then been confined to free burgeſſes, the number of theſe being reſtricted to twenty-four. Hence it followed that leſs

than two dozen votes could return a couple of members to the Houſe of Commons. The conſtituency has had the honour of returning to parliament, amongſt its more diſtinguiſhed repreſentatives, the late Lord Palmerſton (1790-1807), and the Right Hon. George Canning (1826). By the Reform Act (1868) one member has been taken away.

The population is a little over eight-thouſand. Nor is the corporation of Newport in an unflouriſhing condition. A few years ſince its income amounted to £1,054, while its expenditure was only £543.

Newport, amongſt other advantages of civilization, poſſeſſes a fire brigade, worked at the ſmall annual expenditure of £60, and this although the brigade conſiſts of a ſuperintendent, three engineers, three foremen, and five firemen.

Amongſt the public buildings of Newport, the *Town Hall*, a heavy but ſubſtantial building, is noticeable. The *Free Grammar School* is a plain building, intereſting from the facts that here Charles I. met the Parliamentary Commiſſioners in 1648, and that in the chamber now uſed as a ſchool-room divine ſervice was, in the early part of the royal impriſonment, performed before the hapleſs king and his ſuite. The ſchool, which owes its exiſtence chiefly to good Sir Thomas Oglander (and the Oglander MSS. relating to the iſle have ſtill to be publiſhed—no doubt they will one day ſee the light), was intended for the education on the foundation of fifteen (now twenty) boys, who ſtill enter at from ſeven to eight years of age, and quit at fifteen. The ſchool alſo receives thirty day ſcholars, while the maſter may receive boarders. The chief reliable income of the eſtabliſhment ariſes from the rent of three houſes in Newport, and of about 35 acres of land at Hemmy Hill. The nominal ſalary given to the maſter is £120, together with a rent-free houſe and garden.

The Iſle of Wight Muſeum is to be found in what may be candidly ſtyled a barn, and where it is ſtrangely mixed up with newſpapers and a bagatelle board. That from an archæological point of view the muſeum is moſt intereſting, there can be no doubt, but the apparent curatreſs—a maiden whoſe chief duty appears to be the quieting of her young charge by giving the infant the more attractive objects in the muſeum for playthings—exhibits, as the chief curioſities of the place, a waſps' neſt, and ſome frightfully ſtuffed animals congenitally malformed.

The true curator, however, drew up a very intereſting paper having reference to the antiquarian treaſures poſſeſſed by the muſeum. We make the following extracts from that compilation :—

"The hiſtorical and antiquarian department contains: Caſe 1. A large funereal urn, taken from a Britiſh or Celtic *barrow* on Shalcombe Down, meaſuring 16 inches by 14; ſeveral incineratories from ſimilar barrows opened in various parts of the iſland; ancient Celtic torques; *celts* found at Binſtead, Watchingwell, Billingham, &c.; a large collection of pottery from a Romano-Britiſh manufactory at Barnes, near Brixton, conſiſting of fragments of urns, pateras, and other utenſils, ſome ſpecimens being nearly entire. The moſt intereſting feature is its variety, the collection appertaining to ſeveral hiſtorical eras. The earlieſt ſpecimens are of a coarſe, ſlightly baked pottery, ſimilar to that of the Britiſh or Celtic period. A ſecond variety is Samian ware. The third differs in no reſpect from the urns found in various Saxon barrows in the iſland. Many are plain.

"Caſe II. contains fragments of Celtic funeral urns, with incinerations, found near Yafford and on Compton Down; an ancient Britiſh or Celtic bronze inſtrument, or dagger, and pottery found in a barrow opened on Arreton Down; a collection of Anglo-Saxon remains diſcovered in various iſland barrows and in the cemetery on Cheſſell Down, and preſented by the late Sir Leonard Worſley Holmes, Mr. Bennett, and other gentlemen. The moſt intereſting are iron ſwords and knives; iron ſpear-heads for warfare, and the ſports of the chaſe.

"Another Case contains Iſle of Wight trade-tokens; Engliſh local tokens and half-pence; large and ſmall braſs coins, Roman and Greek, not diſcovered in the iſland.

"Case IV. contains 170 ſilver, and large and ſmall braſs Roman and Greek Coins (from Auguſtus Cæſar, A.D. 31, to Gratian, A.D. 313), found in various parts of the iſland.

"In a receſs are various intereſting relics of the ancient chapel of St. Thomas, Newport, and a collection of human bones of former Anglo-Saxon inhabitants.

"In a room adjacent is a model of old St. Thomas' Church; ſpecimens of Roman ſculpture found among its materials; Roman tiles, bricks, and mortar from Cariſbrook; steel dies of a ſixpence and a ſhilling, formerly coined at Newport; a collection of ancient weapons; ancient ſword, &c., &c."

The Iſle of Wight Inſtitution is an elegant structure, and contains an excellent library of 5,000 volumes.

It is typical of the old feudal dependency of Newport upon Cariſbrook, that the mayor of the town is ſworn in (on Michaelmas Day) at Cariſbrook Caſtle, before the ſteward and governor of the iſle. The corporation conſiſts of the mayor, ſix aldermen, and eighteen councillors, from amongſt whom the aldermen are choſen.

Newport received its firſt charter from Richard de Redvers, a deſcendant of the firſt lord of Wight, and who himſelf was lord of the iſle in the time of Henry II. Iſabella de Fortibus, ſhe who afterwards ſold the iſle to the Engliſh crown, gave a ſword and very liberal charter to "her" new borough of Newport, while between Richard II. and Charles II. no leſs than fifteen charters were granted to the borough, all of which are extant, the parchments in many caſes containing portraits of the ſovereigns in whoſe reigns they were granted. In Charles II.'s time a recorder was appointed to Newport.

Some antiquarians maintain, probably with juſtice, that Newport, when called Medi, was a Roman ſettlement of much importance. "Both here," ſays the Rev. E. Kell, "and in other parts of the iſland, have been found vaſes, gems, rings,

fibulæ, ſwords, coins, bracelets, and urns. The coins discovered in different quarters range over the whole period of the Roman occupation of Britain, and even deſcend to a later date. The Romans left England in A.D. 414 to 420; and yet at Shanklin, in 1833, were diſcovered coins of the emperors Arcadius and Honorius; and the latter did not reign until A.D. 424."

In 1377 Newport fell eſpecially upon evil times, for it yielded to the French, who however, as we have elſewhere ſhown, were repulſed with great ſlaughter, upon their attempt to take Cariſbrook by aſſault. Again, in the time of Edward IV., the town ſuffered from another ſucceſsful attack on the part of the French.

But it was in Elizabeth's reign that the moſt evil days Newport ever knew almoſt overwhelmed the borough. The plague decimated the inhabitants, the dead carts blocked the way to Cariſbrook, the graveyard there could hold no more dead, and deſolation and deſpair haunted every corner of the town.

However, with the elaſticity of the Engliſh character, Newport and its men roſe ſuperior to their misfortunes, and to greater proſperity than before. Soon after that time of trouble, we have Sir John Oglander telling, in his MSS., how he had known as many as "twelve knights and as many other gentlemen" to attend in the firſt town hall that the men of Newport built.

In a report of the condition of the iſland drawn up in 1642, we find the following paſſage:—

"Since ye coming of King James, there is a toun in the iſland (called Newport) made a mare-toun, which heretofore was only a bayly-toun, and then ye live-tenants and juſtices had ye ſame power there they had in ye reſt of ye country. But now they have gotten a charter to be a mare-

toun, and have juſtices, a recorder, aldermen, &c., which ye other two mare-touns have not, as Yarmouth and Newtoun; they will not be governed as thoſe two mare-touns and ye reſt of ye iſland are, which is very prejudiciall to ye country, and I wiſh it might be regulated. And in that toun of Newport ye captain of ye iſland is clerk of ye market, and hath ye ordering of ye country; this toun, notwithſtanding, will take ye power to themſelves, and hinder men from buying and ſelling at their pleaſure."

Newport remained very excluſive long after a more liberal municipal policy had been recognized over the greater part of the kingdom. So late as 1629 we find the corporation oppoſing one John Wavell, in his deſire to open a certain ſhop, the argument held by the corporation being that he had not ſerved his apprenticeſhip in the town. Ultimately John Wavell was permitted to trade, upon conſenting to pay an exemplary fine.

The Charities of Newport conſiſt of the Blue School, formed in 1781, for the education and maintenance of twenty poor girls born in Newport, to be made "good Chriſtians and uſeful ſubjects." 'Tis a quaint old ſchool, ſupported by voluntary contributions and the intereſts of certain bequeſts. The ſchool is managed by the miniſter of Newport, aided by ſix ladies. Every girl, upon leaving the eſtabliſhment, is preſented with clothes, a Prayer Book, and Bible; while farthermore, let her but keep her firſt ſituation twelve months, and ſhe is entitled to a guinea.

Worſley's almſhouſes were founded in 1618, by Sir R. Worſley, and through proviſion of the will of Giles Kent. It is true they conſiſt of but ſix ſmall rooms, a tenant in each, but they are always full.

Widow Roman's almſhouſes, built in 1752, owe their exiſtence to the following clauſe in the good woman's will:—"I bequeath to ſuch ſix widows as ſhall inhabit the Charity Houſe in Newport, called the Lower Almſhouſe, ſituated in Crocker Street, and ſhall not receive alms from the town, the ſum of

£10 every year for ever after the deceaſe of my brother-in-law, W. Roman, from my property at Yafford, free from all taxes and deductions whatever; by equal portions, by the church-wardens and overſeers of the poor of the pariſh of Newport, to be diſpoſed of to the ſix widows equally, ſhare and ſhare alike."

The Upper Almſhouſes are four tenements, a family in each, founded in 1623, by one Daniel Serle, a pariſhioner of Carisbrook.

Finally, it is argued in favour of Newport that the general plan of the town is eſſentially that of a Roman city, and that therefore its preſent linear aſpect is very much what it was in the ſecond and third centuries. Nor is the borough without its modern admirers.

Mudie ſays:—"Newport is eſſentially a domeſtic town—the heart and centre of the Iſle of Wight. Its ſtreets are laid out with great regularity, lying eaſt and weſt, with croſs ones north and ſouth, dividing the area into chequers. The two principal are thoſe which connect the great roads—St James's Street, from Cowes road, to that which leads by Niton to the Undercliff; and High Street, which connects the Ryde road with the road to Cariſbrook, and the weſtern roads which diverge from them."

Knight alſo gives his teſtimony in favour of the town:—"Newport ſtands nearly in the centre of the iſland, in a ſpot apparently marked out by nature for the ſite of the miniature capital. It is built on a gentle ſlope riſing from the weſt bank of the Medina, which is navigable for veſſels of conſiderable burden up to the town; and the nature of the ſurrounding hills allows of eaſy lines of communication to radiate from it to every part of the iſland. The town itſelf is neat, clean, cheerful-looking, and apparently flouriſhing. The ſtreets are well paved and lighted, and filled with good, well-ſtored ſhops."

Shanklin.

"THE diſtance," says Mantell, "from Bembridge Down to Shanklin is from four to five miles. On the eaſtern ſide of Sandown Bay, the flinty chalk has a total thickneſs of 200 feet, the lower chalk and chalk marl 200 feet, the fireſtone 100 feet, and the galt 50 feet."

The eye ſoon reſts upon Redcliff, and here the ſtrata firſt viſible are the ferruginous ſandy and mottled clays, belonging to the Wealden formation, which becomes more developed as we look towards the chalk ſtrata terminating in the bold promontory of Culver, which forms a ſtriking object from this part of the bay. In the Wealden, bones of large reptiles and fruits of coniferous plants have from time to time been diſcovered, and many coloſſal bones of the iguanodon have been obtained from the ſhingle, where alſo may be found rolled blocks and pebbles of the ſhelly limeſtones, and of jaſper and quartz, with ſilicified zoophytes, that have been waſhed out of the chalk. Slabs of what is commonly called

Suſſex marble may alſo be seen protruding from the clay; while maſſes of lignite that have fallen out of the cliffs are often found on the beach, and ſometimes pebbles of ſilicified wood.

The occurrence in this locality of bones of the iguanodon and other reptiles, whoſe remains had previouſly been obſerved only in the ſtrata of Tilgate Foreſt, was firſt made known in 1829, by Dr. Buckland. An enormous toe-bone, weighing ſix pounds, and meaſuring ſix inches in length, and ſixteen inches in circumference at its largeſt extremity, was found in the ledges of ferruginous ſand, a little to the eaſt of Sandown Fort, while a conſiderable number of bones, compriſing ſeveral gigantic vertebræ, portions of a thigh bone, fragments of ribs, &c., were diſcovered near the ſame ſpot—at the foot of the low cliff that forms the ſea boundary of Yaverland farm. They were obſerved on the ſhore after a week of very ſtormy weather, which had ſwept away the beach and ſand to the depth of two feet, and thus laid bare the foſſils which probably had fallen from the cliffs long previouſly, and being very heavy had ſunk deep into the ſhingle, and lain concealed until brought to light by the denuding effects of a ſtorm.

A ſharp walk, and we are at Shanklin.

All who have ſeen leafy Shanklin ſpeak tenderly of it. Who can avoid, who need avoid ſpeaking gently of the ſweet hanging curtains of green that clothe this lovely ſpot. It is ſo human, if we may be allowed the word. Blackgang is ghaſtly in its barrenness and its remorſeleſs divorce from vegetation. Shanklin is ſweet with ſhadow, leafy twitterings, the murmur of a prattling ſtreamlet, and the fall of a tiny waterfall. Nay, the very preſence of the little perched-up heavy-browed inn, the woman with her baſkets of pebble jewelry, which without a bluſh ſhe tells you is all made on the iſle from ſtones found on the beach,

the gates, the ſeats, the ruſtic bridge—all help to produce a ſenſe of comfort, and give humanity to the ſcene.

Water and time made a fearful gaſh in the ſide of a hill, men came and planted trees, made the place beautiful, and converted a wilderneſs into a garden. This is Shanklin.

"Shanklin," ſays Keats, "is a moſt beautiful place. Sloping wood and meadow ground reach round the chine, which is a cleft in the cliffs of the depth of nearly 300 feet. This cleft is filled with trees and buſhes in the narrow part, and as it widens becomes bare, if it were not for the primroſes on one ſide, which ſpread to the very verge of the ſea, and ſome fiſhermen's huts on the other, perched midway in the baluſtrade of beautiful green hedges along the ſteps down to the ſand."

The fiſhermen's huts have long ſince gone, and upon the ſite of one of them are to be found ſeats, from which a perfect view, ſomething in formation like the Bay of Naples, is to be ſeen ſweeping round and up to Culver Cliffs.

Sir. H. Englefield has ſpoken in terms of high praiſe of this natural beauty, the cliffs of which are 230 feet high, the chaſm at the top 300 feet wide, while it ſtretches back inland from the ſhore 150 feet. But when Sir Henry wrote Shanklin had not been turned to the beſt account. He ſays:—"The cliff, where the ſtream which forms the chine enters the ſea, is about 100 feet in height, and the chaſm is perhaps 150 wide at the top, and at the bottom not much wider than the channel of the ſtream. The ſides are very ſteep, and in moſt places are clothed with rich underwood, overhanging the naked rock. At a ſmall diſtance within their mouth, on a terrace juſt large enough to afford a walk to their doors, ſtand two ſmall cottages of different elevations. Rude flights of ſteps deſcend to them from the top, and an excavation from the ſandy rock forms a ſkittle-ground to one of them, overſhadowed by the leafage of young oaks. After

SHANKLIN CHINE.

proceeding about 100 yards in a direct line from the ſhore, the chaſm makes a ſudden bend to the left, and grows much narrower. Its ſides are nearly perpendicular, and but little ſhrubbery breaks their naked ſurface. The chaſm continues decreaſing in breadth, till it terminates in an extremely narrow fiſſure, down which the rill, which has formed the whole, falls about 30 feet. The quantity of water is in general ſo ſmall that the caſcade is

SHANKLIN CHURCH.

ſcarcely worth viewing; but after great rains it muſt be very pretty. The ſides of the gloomy hollow in which it falls are of the blackiſh indurated clay, of which the greater part of the ſoil hereabouts is compoſed, and the damp of the water has covered moſt part of it with ſhining green lichens and moſſes

of various ſhades. The bruſhwood which grows on the brow on each ſide, overhangs ſo as nearly to meet; and the whole ſcene, though it cannot be conſidered as magnificent, is certainly ſtriking and groteſque. Above the fall the ſtream continues to run in a deep and ſhady channel quite to the foot of the hills in which it takes its riſe."

Lord Jeffrey, an accompliſhed critic, has alſo ſpoken well of Shanklin. He remarks:—"Shanklin is very ſmall and ſcattery, all mixed up with trees, and lying among ſweet airy falls and ſwells of ground, which finally riſe up behind to breezy downs 800 feet high, and ſink down in front to the edge of the varying cliffs, which overhang a pretty beach of fine ſand, and are approachable by a very ſtriking wooded ravine, which they call the *Chine*."

Shanklin Chine, like all others in the iſland, has been formed by the action of running water. In fact, to be proſaic, they are huge gulleys, dependent for their formation upon ſoft earth and rain ſtreams. At Shanklin the farther cutting away of the earth is ſtopped by the ſimple uſe of a ſtone ſlab on the edge of the cliff over which the rain has paſſed for ſo many centuries. The waterfall looks very pretty from below; and chatting with the half-agricultural, half-marine, friendly-faced fellow who keeps the gate, we take another mug of the ſlightly mineralized water, which here flows into a ſmall ſtone receptacle. The water is ferruginous. The keeper declares it ſaves children who are ſuffering from rickets.

Along the ſouth coaſt of the iſland and the line of the chines, great attention was given by the military engineers who controlled the making of the military road from Freſhwater to Blackgang, now about ten years ſince, to arreſt the rapid action of even a very narrow ſtream of water, in cutting a chine under favourable circumſtances. The road is in ſome

parts carried over chines certainly at a height of two hundred feet. It was therefore neceſſary to ſtop the action of the water upon the land, or the waſting away of the foundations of the viaducts was but a queſtion of time—a queſtion which nature holds in little reſpect. The chine-cutting brooks, over which the road paſſed, were conſequently confined to artificial channels, and the danger is at all events poſtponed.

How eaſily a chine may be formed is to be gathered from an inſpection of Shepherd's Chine, an offshoot of Cowleaſe Chine. Fifty years ſince, a farm labourer, who gives his name to the chine—and this act is very typical of the ſimple and natural way in which a ſpot obtains a title—fifty years ſince this ſhepherd, for the amuſement of an idle minute, and having a ſpade in his hand, cut a gully on one ſide of the rivulet pouring down Cowleaſe Chine. The water took the new courſe at once, abandoned Cowleaſe, and commenced the formation of a new chine, which is already of reſpectable dimenſions.

To come back to Shanklin, the touriſt muſt not leave the ſpot without a look at the ſuperb girdle of myrtles which ſurrounds the venerable parſonage.

Luccombe Chine.

THE walk at low water from Shanklin to Luccombe Chine is very pleaſant. Luccombe Chine is one of thoſe places we find in every route taken by touriſts, which are unaccountably neglected although equally beautiful with other much-praiſed ſpots. Here is Luccombe Chine only ſecond to that of Shanklin, and not one touriſt in a hundred of thoſe who viſit Shanklin sets an eye upon Luccombe. Indeed, it is moſt pictureſque, and for thoſe who love the natural without any intruſion of the artificial, Luccombe Chine is the moſt delightful in the iſle. Viewed from the ſhore, it is ſingularly ſweeping and beautiful, piled up ſuperbly. But its entrance from above is quite unaſſuming. It ſuddenly ſinks out of a field in the moſt unpretentious manner, opening out far below the upper level. No ſignpoſt tells of its exiſtence, and the preſence of humanity is feebly repreſented by a few cottages. Luccombe Chine will well repay a paſſing viſit, and ſhould not be overlooked by the touriſt.

LUCCOMBE CHINE.

The Undercliff.

AND now we approach the great natural beauty of the Iſle of Wight—the Undercliff.

Sir James Clark, after a careful examination of various places on the Engliſh coaſt, decided that many invalids might find thoſe benefits from climate cloſe at home, which they ſeek in diſtant countries. He, in fact, "MADE" the Undercliff. He ſays of it, in his work "The Influence of Climate on the Prevention and Cure of Chronic Diſeaſes":—"A lofty natural terrace, backed by a mountainous wall on the north, and open on the ſouth to the full influence of the ſun from his riſing to his going down, during that ſeaſon when his influence is moſt wanted in a northern country." And elſewhere he adds:—"The iſland, from the variety which it preſents in point of elevation, ſoil, and aſpect, and from the configuration of its hills and ſhores, poſſeſſes ſeveral peculiarities of climate and ſituation, which render it a very favourable and commodious reſidence throughout the year, for a large claſs of invalids. On this account, the Iſle of Wight claims

our particular attention, as it comprehends within itſelf advantages which are of great value to the delicate invalid, and to obtain which in almoſt any other part of England, he would require to make a conſiderable journey."

The Undercliff reminds one of nothing ſo much as of one of Guſtave Doré's craggy panoramas. Mantell thus deſcribes this work of nature:—"The Undercliff may be geologically deſcribed as a miſcellaneous débris, principally compoſed of the fallen maſſes of the upper cretaceous ſtrata, occaſioned by the encroachment of the ſea on the lower argillaceous and ſandy depoſits that form the baſe of this line of the coaſt. It conſiſts of an irregular terrace, ſloping towards the ſouth, from a quarter to half-a-mile in breadth. There is perhaps no tract of ſuch limited extent that affords ſo remarkable an inſtance of the modification of climate produced by geological ſtructure and phyſical configuration, as the Undercliff. Of all the wonderful points along the Undercliff, the landſlip between Luccombe and Bonchurch is the moſt ſtriking."

In comparatively recent years there have been two convulſions of the land, which have modified the landſlip as we find it. The firſt took place in 1810, when twenty acres of land were broken up and thrown down; the ſecond in 1818, when thirty acres were loſt. Again, in 1847, a maſs of land fell. The broken rocks, in their ſtillneſs, are fearful evidences of the craſh which placed them where they are found. Bruſhwood, ferns, wild flowers, lichens, and moſs, have covered the ſcene with a lovely garment, but the craſh and war of the falling rocks have left their mark upon the land. The young trees lift up their ſlender branches, and lo! in the courſe of time the leaves touch ſome overhanging rock, arreſted as it toppled, and which in ſome future ſlip muſt fall and ſhatter

them. Art and engineering may do much to prevent ſucceſſive land ſlips in this part, but they cannot be wholly guarded againſt. Fortunately, the earth does not break up and melt as it were, without a fair warning.

The Rev. James White ſays of the Undercliff:—"It is a region ſo well known as hardly to require deſcription. Conſiſting of a platform varying from half-a-mile to a quarter of a mile in width—bounded on the ſouth by the undulating bays and promontories of the Channel, and on the north by a perpendicular wall of grey rocks, which forms the buttreſs to a range of downs of almoſt mountainous elevation, it is eaſy to perceive that it unites two of the principal conſtituents of a beautiful landſcape. But when, beſides its guardian hills and ever-varying ocean, we remember the richneſs of its vegetation, the clearneſs of its air, and the wild ſecluſion of its innumerable dells, the glowing expreſſions of enthuſiaſtic touriſts would ſeem not much, if at all, beyond the truth."

Wonderful Mrs. Radcliffe, the inventor of the "Myſteries of Udolpho," found the ſcenery of the Undercliff indeed ſympathetic. She ſays:—"The Undercliff is a tract of ſhore formed by the fallen cliffs, and cloſely barricaded by a wall of rock of vaſt height. We entered upon it about a mile from Niton, and found ourſelves in ſuch a Druid ſcene of wildneſs and ruin as we never ſaw before. The road is, for the moſt part, cloſe to the wall of rock, which ſeems to threaten the traveller with deſtruction, as he paſſes frequently beneath enormous maſſes that lean forward. On the other ſide of the road is an extremely rugged deſcent of about half-a-mile to the ſea, where ſometimes are amphitheatres of rocks, their theatres filled with ruins, and frequently covered with verdure and underwood that ſtretch up the hill-ſide with the wildeſt pomp, ſheltering here a cottage and there a villa among the rocky hillocks. We

afterwards aſcended by a ſteep rugged road to the ſummit of the down, from which the views are aſtoniſhing and grand in a high degree; we ſeemed perched on an extreme point of the world, looking down on hills and cliffs of various height and form, tumbled into confuſion as if by an earthquake, and ſtretching into the ſea, which ſpreads its vaſt circumference beyond. The look down on the ſhore is indeed tremendous."

Thorne, ſpeaking of the geology of the Undercliff, remarks: "The ſtrata, reckoning from the bottom, are firſt red ferruginous ſand, then blue marl, next green ſandſtone, and at the top chalk and chalk marl. The ſtratum of blue marl is ſoft and eaſily acted upon by land ſprings, when it becomes mud, and oozes out; and the ſandſtone and chalk being deprived of their ſupport, muſt of neceſſity ſink down. The ſubſidence, thus brought about, might be gradual and ſcarcely perceptible, except in its ultimate reſults; but the ſea was at the ſame time beating with violence againſt the lower ſtrata, and waſhing out the ſand and marl, which were already looſened by the ſprings. This double proceſs would go on until the ſuperincumbent maſs became unable to ſuſtain itſelf by mere adheſion to the parent rock, when it muſt neceſſarily break away and fall forward. That this was the way in which the Undercliff was produced, is evident from an examination of the phenomena it preſents, and what may be obſerved ſtill going on, though on a leſſer ſcale. The great change in the level muſt have occurred at a very diſtant period; churches and houſes of ancient date, which ſtand in different parts of the Undercliff, ſhow that no very conſiderable alteration can have taken place for centuries."

"I have counted," ſays Dr. Martin, "nearly fifty ſpecies of garden flowers blooming in the Undercliff gardens in December."

BONCHURCH.

Bonchurch.

BONCHURCH is eſſentially the Swiſs bit of the iſland. One almoſt expects to hear the Ranz des Vaches ſuddenly mingling with the ſheep bells on the down. The pool reminds one of a nook of a Swiſs lake a—châlet only is wanting to complete the ſcene.

But Bonchurch has a higher claim to our regards than its mere beauty. If tradition is right, it was at Bonchurch that the firſt Chriſtian miſſionaries landed with their meſſage of peace and good-will. If this were ſo, the place is in our day moſt felicitouſly named. Bonchurch, it is ſaid, is a corruption of *bonecerce;* and the aſſociation of the words appears very admiſſible. The miſſionary who landed in the Iſle of Wight was St. Boniface. Even to this day there is a tiny cove amongſt the rocks ſtyled Monk's Bay. It is ſaid that this name has adhered to it ſince A.D. 755, when ſome adventurous Chriſtian monks of the Abbey of Lire ſet their feet on Britiſh ground.

Bonchurch pariſh church is very old, but of courſe it lays no

claim to ſo extraordinary an antiquity as the eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity in the iſland. It is ſuppoſed it was founded by a De Lisle about the commencement of the fourteenth century. It is not a very rich living—£134 per annum.

Bonchurch contains within its limits a greater variety of ſcenery than is to be found anywhere elſe in a ſimilar expanſe over the whole iſland. The ſublime and the picturesque are combined here in the moſt ſtriking manner. Here is an immenſe wall of chalk—at its foot a crowded dell of flowers. On this ſide is the ſlope of a ſward dipping to the beach; on the other the ſteep aſcent of St. Boniface Down. The entrance to the village, whether from eaſt or weſt, is beyond deſcription moſt lovely, and if the viſit be well-timed, the ſurface of the Bonchurch pool will be dotted with the broad leaves and white flowers of the water lily. But whatever bit of ſcenery the eye falls on, the leaſt turn preſents the friendly towering cliff-wall —the winter ſtore, ſo to ſpeak, of the Undercliff. Here the cliff varies from four to five hundred feet in height, broken delightfully in places by the grounds of charming villas, where art has aided nature to produce a perfect reſult.

And as St. Boniface Down is ſo very high (783 feet above the ſea), of courſe the touriſt will ſcale it if only to reach the celebrated well, called St. Bonny's Well, a perpetual ſpring which bubbles clear and cold from the white depths of the chalky down. In the iſland they attribute the diſcovery of this well to a groteſque ſort of miracle. A certain biſhop, name and ſee unknown, being on a miſty night travelling on the ſummit of the down, though why and wherefore are queſtions to which the legend has no reply, ſuddenly found his ſteed ſlipping down the precipice. The horſe and his rider were temporarily ſaved by being caught in the hollow in which this well is to be found. The biſhop now vows to St. Boniface, the patron ſaint of the

place, that if he reaches level ground alive he will dedicate an acre of land in his honour. Apparently St. Boniface, with that good nature which has made him the patron ſaint of all innkeepers, heard the promiſe, for that the biſhop got down in ſafety is ſufficiently proved by the fact that there is a Biſhop's Acre ſtill forming part of the glebe of Bonchurch. It is to be ſeen at the bottom of the hill.

This well in the middle ages was the climax of a ſort of flower pilgrimage. On the feaſt of St. Boniface, the maidens would bring here votive offerings of the abundant flowers growing in the valley below. And to this day there are people in Bonchurch who believe that whatever you wiſh, if you keep it a ſecret when you firſt drink of the water of the well, is certain to come to paſs.

The view from the ſummit of St. Boniface Down is a panorama of perfect harmony—the far-off ſea alive with the reflection of the fleecy clouds, a ſhifting embroidery of ſhadow, light, and colour, totally beyond the power of deſcription.

Near the pool the wanderer will find a flight of ſteps which leads to the Pulpit Rock, a broken maſs of cliff 400 feet above the level of the ſea. And now coming down paſt the pool, which is fed by a ſtream that riſes from the down, and runs off underground in two directions, we turn our faces towards Ventnor, not without ſome friendly glances towards the villagers of Bonchurch, who are perhaps as pleaſant a ſet as you ſhall meet within the iſle; and it muſt be confeſſed that the unceaſing paſſage of touriſts (a percentage of whom, here as everywhere elſe, are not ſufficiently ſelf-reſpecting to know their duty to their neighbours), has not tended to make the iſlanders more than neceſſarily courteous. However, even a Frenchman was, ſome two ſcore years ſince, edified by the courteſy of the people of the iſland.

M. Louis Simonds, in his journal of a tour and reſidence in Great Britain, ſpeaks rapturouſly of the politeneſs, neatneſs, and love of order, ſhown by the villagers of the Iſle of Wight:—"The meaneſt of the cottages," he ſays, "are adorned with roſes, jeſſamines, and honey-ſuckles, and often large myrtles. There are vines everywhere againſt their houſes, and often fig trees. We thought the women remarkably good looking. Children and grown people took of their hats or gave us a nod as we paſſed along."

VENTNOR.

Ventnor.

THE riſe of Ventnor is one of the moſt magica facts in the hiſtory of the Iſle of Wight. In comparatively recent guides to the iſle the name does not occur. There is to be found Ventnor Cove, but no Ventnor. It was ſimply a ſmall fiſhing village, beneath the notice of the mappiſt.

Sixty years ſince the Crab and Lobſter tavern, the New Inn, and three or four fiſhermen's huts, made up Ventnor. It is of courſe, now one of the leading towns in the iſle; perhaps, taken all the year round, it is the moſt flouriſhing. And yet it has no hiſtory. It is the metropolis of the Undercliff, and has overwhelmed Bonchurch and converted it into a ſuburb. But even now it is not a pariſh in itſelf, being a parochial outſkirt of Newchurch. The only fragment of antiquity about Ventnor is the derivation of its name. Antiquarians with a Celtic turn of mind, deduce this from *gwent*, chalky, and *nor*, ſhore. But this is juſt one of thoſe queſtions which are never quite ſettled.

It was Sir James Clark who raiſed Ventnor from a village to a town. Had the doctor been as clever a commercial man as a phyſician, he would have bought ſome acres of Ventnor before he gave it an exiſtence. His deſcendants, ſhould any exiſt, would at this moment be rich in ground rents.

Knight, ſpeaking of this ſudden riſe in the deſtinies of the town, ſays:—"Forty years ago it contained about half a dozen humble cottages; and until the publication of Sir James Clark's work its few inhabitants were nearly all fiſhermen. It was the moſt pictureſque ſpot along the coaſt. The platform was broken into ſeveral uneven terraces. The huge hills towered far up aloft. Down to the broad ſmooth beach the ground ran in rough ſlopes, mingled with abrupt banks of rock, along which a brawling rivulet careered gaily towards the ſea; and the few fiſhermen's huts gave a piquant ruſtic livelineſs to all beſides. The climate ſeemed moſt favourable, and the neighbourhood moſt agreeable to the invalid. In the open gardens of the cottagers, myrtle and other tender plants flouriſhed abundantly, and without need of protection even in winter; ſnow hardly ever lay on the ground; ſunny and ſheltered walks abounded; and the beach was excellent for bathing. Ventnor at once caught the attention of the crowd of viſitors; and it was one of the firſt places to provide them ſuitable accommodation. In the tiny fiſhing hamlet ſoon ſprang up hotels, and boarding-houſes, and ſhops, and a church. Invalids came here for a winter retreat, as well as a ſummer viſit. Speculation was ſtimulated. And now, as Fuller has it, 'the plague of building lighted upon it,' and it ſpread until every poſſible ſpot was planted with ſome ſtaring building, or row of buildings."

Sir James Clark ſays of the Ventnor diſtrict: "It was a matter of ſurpriſe to him, after having fully examined that favoured ſpot, that the advantages it poſſeſſed in ſo eminent a degree, in

point of ſhelter and poſition, ſhould have been ſo long overlooked in a country like this, whoſe inhabitants during the laſt century have been traverſing half the globe in ſearch of climate. The phyſical ſtructure of this ſingular diſtrict has been carefully inveſtigated and deſcribed by the geologiſt, and the beauties of its ſcenery have been often dwelt upon by the touriſt; but its far more important qualities as a winter reſidence for the delicate invalid ſeem ſcarcely to have attracted attention, even from the medical philoſopher. Nothing," he continues, "along the ſouth coaſt will bear a compariſon with it, and Torquay is the only place on the ſouth-weſt coaſt which will do ſo. With a temperature nearly the ſame, the climate of Torquay will be found ſofter, more humid, and relaxing; while that of the Undercliff will prove drier, ſomewhat ſharper, and more bracing."

Ventnor is municipally governed by a Board of Commiſſioners, who in their time have built the ſea wall and contrived an eſplanade. From the ſea the town has a wonderful charm for us, but it is only fair to add, that moſt writers complain bitterly of its general aſpect. One of the more recent authorities ſays:—"We may obſerve, *en paſſant*, that in no town in England have builders indulged ſuch monſtrous vagaries as in this. There is ſcarcely a villa of modeſt or unpretending aſpect in the whole town; and to paſs through its ſtreets is enough to affect a ſenſitive architect with a hideous nightmare!" But, for our part, we maintain that the accidental nature of the ſtreet architecture of Ventnor is one of its charms.

And is this all that can be ſaid of Ventnor? No—on the beach may be now and again found very clear cryſtal pebbles. Theſe are Ventnor diamonds. But the truer diamonds are the brightened eyes which are beſtowed upon the invalids by the health-giving powers of this town. During the paſt ſummer

(1868) an impreſſion drifted abroad that Ventnor, from its encloſed ſituation, was ſuffering fearfully from that heat which diſtinguiſhed the ſeaſon. On the contrary, in the height of ſummer it appears to exhibit the meteorological phenomenon of falling below the average temperature of the iſland as the thermometer riſes.

A perſon of much authority writing on this ſubject, ſays:—"During the exceſſively hot weather of July and Auguſt, 1868, the temperature here was many degrees lower than in the majority of places in other parts of England, owing mainly to the ſea-breeze which, with the regularity of a trade wind, ſets in each afternoon, and to the cliffs, eaſt and weſt, giving ſo much ſhade to the town. Thus whilſt warm and ſheltered in winter, yet in ſummer the climate here is cool and pleaſant, owing to the amount of ſhade afforded by the locality. During July the greateſt out-of-door heat in ſhade was 78 degrees, and indoors 74 degrees, whilſt upwards of 90 degrees was recorded elſewhere."

It is in winter however, that Ventnor becomes a kind of earthly paradiſe to the invalid, ſo ſheltered is it by the hills around. Theſe hills then appear to have ſome power of arreſting the heat of the ſoutherly and weſterly winds, and radiating it back upon Ventnor, ſo that when on the other and northern ſlope of the downs a froſt has ſet in, in Ventnor itſelf bees are to be ſeen buzzing from one to another of two ſcore varieties of flowers.

A ſpot with ſuch qualifications as theſe requires no hiſtory: it ſpeaks for itſelf.

* * * * * * *

Leaving Ventnor, the touriſt ſets out for St. Lawrence, glancing at Ventnor Cove, as he leaves the town of undying ſummer behind him. In 1793, a traveller, who could ſay

nothing of Ventnor (for it did not exiſt), had a few words to ſay of the cove. The traveller was Wyndham; and he ſays:—"The little cove of Ventnor is very well known for its romantic ſcenery, and for a conſiderable caſcade of fine water, which, after turning a corn-mill, falls upon the beach, as well as for its crab and lobſter fiſhery, all of which are deſtined for the London markets."

The touriſt has to keep a very ſharp look out for the little church of St. Lawrence—the ſmalleſt in the iſle certainly, and we believe the ſmalleſt pariſh church in the United Kingdom. Being ſurrounded by trees, he may, if he takes the lower road, paſs the building without ſeeing it. The communion table, reading deſk, pulpit, and pews, are all puſhed up together; and as there is no veſtry, the miniſter leaves his veſtments on the communion rails between the ſervices. In ſummer time the tiny windows on the ſouth ſide, and the ſouth door (the only one), are left open, and the church is ingeniouſly enlarged by means of an awning and a few forms. It is to be regretted that ſome years ſince the incumbent felt himſelf under the neceſſity of ſetting up a board reproving touriſts, recommending them to keep holy the Sabbath, and requeſting them not to interrupt the ſervice. One feels that perhaps it were better that any interruption to the ſervice ſhould be patiently borne (a proceſs which might lead the offender to a ſilent repentance at the end of a mile's walk), than that a feeling of anger ſhould be created by this board, which is regularly brought out with fine weather. Time has dulled the pointed reproof, but it is ſtill demonſtrative enough to jarr with the beautiful landſcape, the murmur of prayer, and the ſweet ſerenity which pervades the ſpot when the quaint half open-air ſervice is progreſſing.

The church is barely ſix feet to the eaves, and it it is only twenty-five feet four inches long, by eleven feet broad; and,

indeed, before the *enlargement*, by the late Earl of Yarborough, it was only twenty feet long.

One John Green, of St. Lawrence, who flouriſhed in 1835, was moved to poetic expreſſion over the minuteneſs of this pariſh church. Excuſing ourſelves for the act, we offer a copy of theſe verſes.

ON ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH;

Being the ſmalleſt in the Britiſh Dominions.

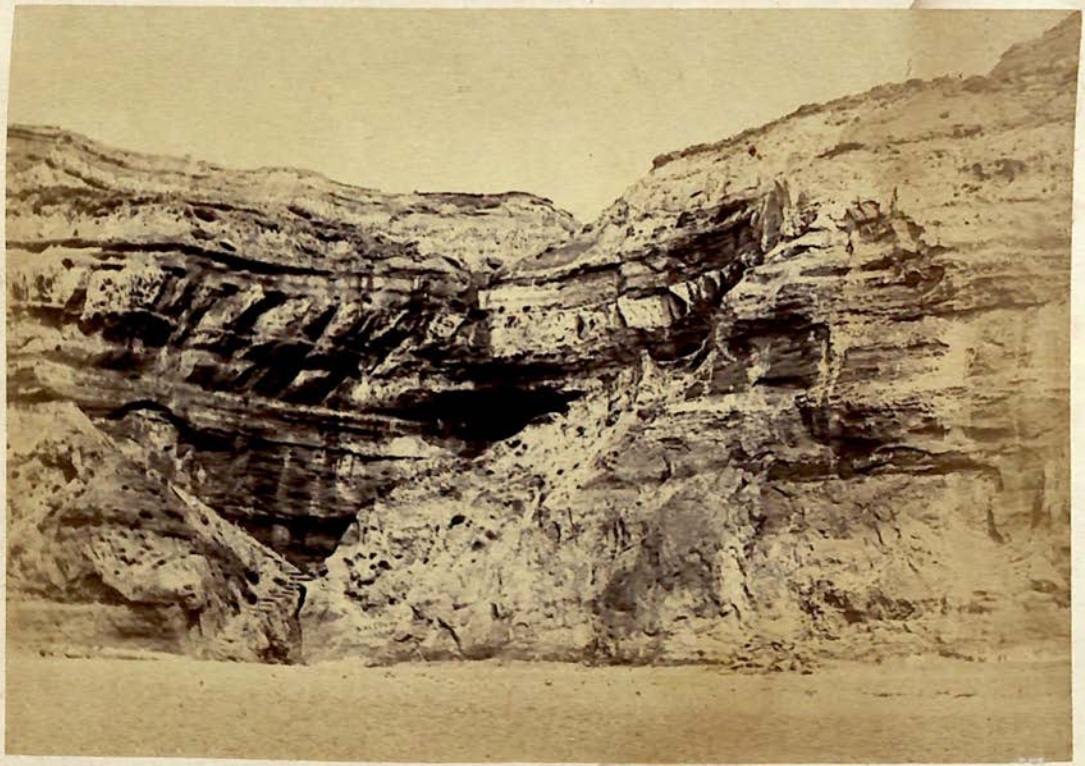
"This Church has often drawn the curious eye,
To ſee its length and breadth, to ſee how high;
At length to meaſure it, 'twas my intent,
That I might certify its full extent.
Its breadth from ſide to ſide, above the bench,
Is juſt eleven feet and half an inch;
Its height from pavement to the ceiling mortar,
Eleven feet, four inches, and a quarter;
And its length from Eaſt to the Weſt end,
I tell the truth to you, you may depend;
Twenty-five feet, four inches, quarters three,
Is juſt its meaſurement as you may ſee.
And ſituated cloſe to the high road,
Here you may join in pray'r, and worſhip God;
And though the building is ſo low and ſmall,
You may be near to heaven, as at St. Paul.
It ſtands firm on ſome conſecrated ground,
Fenc'd with a wall, and ivy growing round;
Its length is ſixty feet, breadth forty-two,
And there the dead do meet to wait for you."

Leaving St. Lawrence, we are fairly on our way to Blackgang Chine, and the effect produced by that deſolate example of nature, if we may be permitted the expreſſion, is enhanced by the walk between St. Lawrence and Chale. No pen—not even that of Ruſkin, or of the poet whoſe reſidence we are nearing—that of Tennyſon—could adequately deſcribe the marvellous charm of the mingled paſtoral and grand which here reigns in perfection. On the one hand breaks of graſſy ſlopes leading to the ſea; on the other the undu-

lating line of the cliff, piled up in a ſort of mockery, as it were, of the builder's art. One moment the ſea is ſtretched before you, the next it is hidden by a ſweep of trees, or luxurious garden. A turn to the right, and you are brought abreaſt of the cliff; another turn in the road, and the cliff is behind you, and the ſea is ſeen between two large clumps of beech. The ivy here is a tapeſtry, ſpreading over ground, trees, hedges, the very cliff itſelf revelling in its favoured growth. Suddenly another turn in the road, and you are bathed in a tender toned ſhadow. Looking up you find that it is due to ſome meeting beech trees, the tranſparent leaves of which offer the moſt exquiſite paſſage for light in the whole range of the world of leaves; and ſo the touriſt paſſes Old Park and Mirables, (the latter well named), and comes out by St. Catherine's Lighthouſe. And here the Undercliff opens out once again into a wild and broken panorama, ending in the great waſte and frowning maſs called Blackgang.

Blackgang Chine.

TO our thinking, nothing in all Engliſh ſcenery is ſo ghaſtly and horror-inſpiring as this place. It is the more fearful that it is in juxta-poſition to ſo many natural beauties. The very fancy bazaar through which the ſcene is reached, the ſtalls of foſſils and rock ſpecimens tended by a ſmiling girl, all the vulgar evidences of the anticipation of viſitors, but aid in promoting the feeling of deſolation which comes upon the ſpectator when he has left humanity behind him and is alone. Not a tree or ſhrub tames the primeval ſavagery of this place. Adown in the baſin the wanderer finds one or two ſcattered ferns, and he welcomes them as friends. The effect of the Blackgang—a term ſaid to be derived from the tone of its general colour, and *gang*, a way (the black road)—and its ſavage deſolation, cannot be experienced if viewed in company: one muſt be alone—not during moonlight, for moonlight poeticiſes the chaſm, but at twilight or day-break, when the



BLACKGANG CHINE.

ſhadows lie long and pointed over the ſilent waſte. Within its graſp it has not one redeeming feature of beauty, not one lovely line nor ſoft undulation. All is dank, dark, humanleſs. And this is how the world appeared before vegetation aroſe, when no life was on the land, and light had but commenced its vivifying work. One remembers the ſuggeſtions of life and humanity at Shanklin, and is glad to get away from the ſcene; riſing above it upon the return walk, a ſenſe of relief is experienced. It is to us a cauſe for marvelling that touriſts, notably brides and bridegrooms, can remain a whole honeymoon in the preſence of this abomination of deſolation. It is a ſight worth ſeeing, but not one which the touriſt, as a rule, wiſhes to witneſs a ſecond time.

"Ah, ſir," ſays a pleaſant old woman, "you ſhould have ſeen the Blackgang when *I* was a girl. It was then worth ſeeing. It tumbled in when I was a young maid, an' there be nothing left of it now." Nothing left of it! Then what muſt it have once been?

The date of the laſt great downfall of the Blackgang is not known with preciſion, for at that time it was not the lion it has ſince become, and the neighbouring Ventnor had not ſprung into exiſtence. But there can be little heſitation in fixing it at about 1799, for in that year a very remarkable landſlip occurred in the land lying behind it, the effect of which muſt have been felt by the tottering maſſes of the Blackgang. The ſubſidence occurred at a farm called Pitlands, lying on the boundary line between Chale and Niton. An area of 100 acres was obſerved to be in motion, and continued ſo during two ſucceſſive days, directing its courſe towards the ſea in nearly a direct line. The changes which took place upon the ſurface were extremely curious, as there was ſcarcely a ſquare yard but altered its appearance, both rocks and trees ſhifting

their ſituations, and forming as confuſed a ſcene as if the ground had been convulſed by an earthquake. In many places the earth ſunk to the depth of thirty or forty feet; and a cottage which had been taſtefully fitted up as a proſpect houſe, was partly thrown down and buried in the fiſſures; the ground then began to move, and the lands of the farm, being preſſed on by the deſcending maſs, were torn from their original foundations, and ſuddenly moved forward till all further progreſs was ſtopped by the ſtability of a ridge of rocks, which, like an oppoſing barrier, prevented the wreck from ruſhing headlong into the ſea.

In 1810–11, the year of the great landſlips between Shanklin and Bonchurch, another ſubſidence took place; and again, about twenty years ſince, a ſlip of country, about a mile ſouth of Niton, moved ſufficiently to give the idea of land which had been convulſed by an earthquake. A houſe was engulfed by that cataſtrophe.

Obſerved from the ſea, much of the deſolation of the Black-gang departs, atmoſphere no doubt tending to ameliorate its aſpect. Mantell, the geologiſt of the iſland, thus ſpeaks of the chine under theſe circumſtances:—

"Viewed from the ſea at low water, eſpecially when the ſprings which feed the waterfall have been ſwollen by heavy rains, the effect is highly pictureſque. The caſcade falls in a perpendicular column from a ledge ſeventy feet high, down the midſt of a deep chaſm, formed in dark ferruginous clays and ſands, and ſurmounted by broken cliffs 400 feet high, and towering above all is the majeſtic eſcarpment of St. Catherine's Hill, riſing to an altitude of between 800 and 900 feet. The bands of greeniſh-grey ſand and ſandſtone, which alternate with ferruginous clays in this diviſion of the green-ſand ſyſtem, appear very prominent, owing to the wearing away of the ſoft and

friable intermediate beds. As the face of the ſandſtone after long expoſure to the atmoſphere ſeparates into ſquare blocks, the appearance of the projecting bands of ſtone, which are from ten to fifteen feet thick, is very ſingular, and is not inaptly compared by Sir Henry Englefield to courſes of maſonry built up at different heights to ſuſtain the mouldering cliffs. The thin layer of ironſtone grit which is very conſtantly found in this diviſion of the green-ſand, conſtituting as it were a line of demarcation between the upper arenaceous depoſis and the lower more argillaceous group, intercepts the water that percolates through the upper porous ſtrata, and projecting in a ledge forms the bed of the ſtream that falls in a caſcade over the face of the cliff."

Wyndham, an earlier writer, gives a very proſaic account of the Blackgang. "The chine is on the weſt declivity of St. Catherine's Hill (769 feet), and its upper appearance is not far below its high ſummit; two currents, from diſtant parts of this hill, have made their way to its brow, and from this height have excavated two large ſeparate chaſms, but their waters form a junction at the baſe of a high prominent point, the ſides of which have been worn away by the reſpective torrents. The chaſms at this point become one, and conſequently much deepened; from whence the united waters more rapidly hurry down the ſteep channel for about 200 yards, till they arrive at an impenetrable precipice of rock (a layer of ironſtone grit), from whence they fall in a perpendicular caſcade of 70 feet upon the ſhore."

The Blackgang however, has its romance. Pennant ſays:— "The country people in theſe parts once thought that they were poſſeſſed of a Pactolian ſand, for they obtained for a certain time ſome gold duſt from the ſand of the bay; but, from a number of dollars having been from time to time caſt on

ſhore, it was juſtly ſuſpected that it came from the wreck of ſome unfortunate Spaniſh ſhip."

Not the only veſſel to break up hereabouts was the Spaniſh galleon. Chale churchyard is a mute record of the going down of men into the ſea; and under theſe cliffs, on October 11th, 1836, the good ſhip *Clarendon* was loſt. Of a crew of ſeventeen, together with eleven paſſengers, all except three were drowned.

Up, out of the chine, and ſo through the bazaar, where the only appropriate object to be found is the ſkeleton of an enormous whale, alſo wrecked in this neighbourhood.

Leaving the ſilent paſs, it is well to go up upon St. Catherine's Hill, the higheſt ground in the iſland. On the ſummit of this noble mount are the towers which form a ſplendid landmark. The wind is never at peace at the top of St. Catherine's, ſo named becauſe of a hermitage founded there in the fourteenth century, and dedicated to St. Catherine as the patroneſs ſaint of all high elevations. In the regiſters of Wincheſter reference will be found to this windy hermitage—no ſpot for a ſelf-indulgent hermit. Thus runs the regiſtration:—"Walter de Langſtrell, admiſſus ad hermitorium ſupra montem de Chale, in inſula Vectis, idib. Octobris, A.D. 1312." "Walter de Langſtrell, admitted to the hermitage at the ſummit of Chale mount, in the Iſle of Wight."

Worſley, ſpeaking of what happened when the ſite was cleared for the erection of a new landmark, ſays:—"The foundation of the whole chapel was alſo cleared and levelled; by which, not only its figure was diſcovered, but alſo the floor and ſtone hearth of the prieſt's little cell at the ſouth-weſt corner."

Mantell has alſo ſomething to ſay of St. Catherine's:—"It is the weſtern extremity of the ſouthern range of chalk downs, which is ſeparated by a conſiderable diſtrict of green-ſand from

the central chain of hills. This ſyſtem of chalk downs varies in breadth from half-a-mile to three miles, and extends ſix miles in a direction E.N.E. and W.S.W., from St. Catherine's Hill to Dunnoſe, its eaſtern termination, which is 771 feet high. The intermediate parts of this range maintain an elevation of from 650 to 800 feet, with the exception of a deep valley on the eaſt of St. Catherine's, through which the road to Niton paſſes, and another at Steep Hill, called the Shute, or Shoot, above Ventnor, traverſed by the road to Appuldurcombe and Newport."

Cook, in his "New Picture of the Iſle of Wight," ſays, "Sometimes, in the cleareſt weather, may be ſeen even the higheſt part of the French coaſt, adjoining Cherbourg; but this is rare, to the ſight even of the party ſtationed at the Signal Houſe." We however, doubt this ſtatement.

And now we deſcend to the head of the Blackgang once again. The appearance of this ſpot, with its bazaar and attendants, differs ſtrangely from a deſcription of it ſixty years ago, which runs as follows:—"Here, on the higheſt ſide of the dreadful precipice, on a narrow ledge of land not many yards from the fartheſt projection of the rock, that deſcends perpendicularly near 500 feet, is the hut of a ſhepherd, whoſe family braves the conflicting elements in the moſt dreadful ſeaſons.

"The chine may, with ſome little trouble, be deſcended, following the progreſs of the ſtream as it makes its way to the beach below. This will be neceſſary, in order to enjoy the two grand views that the chine affords. Thoſe who cannot take the trouble, will however, by deſcending but a little diſtance, have ſome idea of the upper view, from which, among an uncommon diſplay of rugged ſcenery and impending crags, they will enjoy outwards a fine proſpect extending to the Needles.

"The cliff being of a ſofter quality lower down, its trickling inwards, and occaſional daſhing over ſome jutting pieces of rock, has hollowed a cavity ſome yards within the falling ſtream; ſo that we may ſtand inſide, and looking through the ſhower that falls without, admire its priſmatic colours when oppoſed to the ſun's rays, or receive its gentle dropping on our heads, a natural ſhower bath.

"This cavern has a ſolemn and an almoſt awful aſpect, having the black mineral-like appearance that pervades the cliffs above. The ſtrata have the reſemblance of an aſcent of gigantic ſteps, whence, probably, and from its frowning aſpect, it derives its name. An adjoining chine, of much inferior magnitude, is known by the name of *Ladder Chine*, from the ſame appearance of the ſtrata which characteriſes the cliffs of Chale Bay for a conſiderable extent."

CARISBROOK CASTLE.

Cariſbrook and its Caſtle.

"I DO not think," wrote Keats, "I ſhall ever ſee a ruin to ſurpaſs Cariſbrook Caſtle. The trench is overgrown with the ſmootheſt turf, and the walls with ivy. The keep withinſide is one bower of ivy; a colony of jackdaws has been there for many years. I dare ſay I have ſeen many a deſcendant of ſome old cawer who peeped through the bars at Charles I., when he was there in confinement."

Cariſbrook Caſtle has done its work. There is no longer any need for the protection of frowning and armed mountain of ſtones; and therefore old caſtles are all crumbling to decay—beautiful, ſolemn, peaceful, ſilent, and dead.

Cariſbrook poſſeſſes for the hiſtorian the great charm of being the laſt feudal ſtronghold in which a ſtruggle took place between the declining power of the few, and the riſing power of the many, for it was here the raſh, if brave, Charles Stuart threw his laſt ſtake, and loſt.

Carisbrook is about a mile and-a-half from Newport, and is situated upon a peculiarly round hill—a *glacis* in itself, such a one as may have given the idea of the artificial defence to the soldier who first brought it into practical use. The general appearance as seen from the road, is strikingly picturesque. The strong outline of its ruined wall and towering keep, the abrupt sweep down towards the valley, the whole backed by Bowcombe Downs, yield a massive panorama.

The origin of the castle is traced to the Saxons. But we doubt much if this decision is to be admitted. If Newport really does present all the evidences in its outlines of a large Roman town, it is evident that a Roman camp could not have been far away. And as a Roman camp was always fixed upon a hill when that position was practicable, and the hill upon which Carisbrook stands was well situated, answered all the conditions required by a Roman general, and was within twenty javelins' cast of Newport, it is probable that a Roman camp was the first shape of fortification which was built here—if, indeed, such a camp was not preceded by Celtic entrenchments.

The supposition, in reference to a Roman camp, is to some extent strengthened by the recent discovery of a tesselated Roman pavement in the grounds of Carisbrook parsonage. Some workmen were digging here in 1858, when their labours led to the discovery of the pavement in question. Antiquarians were soon on the spot, and the evident remains of a Roman villa at once were perceived. The Romans knew how to choose sites. A hill sheltered the rear of the villa, before it lay the valley of the Medina, while the protective camp on the summit of the hill of Carisbrook, guaranteed it from the danger of a sudden enemy sailing up the river. The villa—by its size—must have belonged to a person of the very highest distinction. The tesselated pavement, open

once more to the light, is very beautiful, and ſtill retains much of the brilliancy of its original colouring. Her Majeſty the Queen, upon her frequent viſits to Cariſbrook, which take place generally with members of the royal family, but ſometimes with viſitors to Oſborne, has on ſeveral occaſions inſpected this pavement, while during one viſit the royal pencil was occupied for ſome time in making a drawing of this remarkable evidence of Roman ſupremacy.

The Rev. Edward Kell, M.A., has devoted much time and critical acumen to prove that the Roman occupation of the Iſle of Wight was important and long continued. The diſcovery of the Cariſbrook Roman pavement, ſix years after this gentleman had publiſhed his impreſſions, helped conſiderably to ſubſtantiate his views in connection with the Roman ſway in Wight. Mr. Kell maintains his belief not only upon the evidence of coins of the conformation of Newport, but upon the ſtill exiſting names of ſtreets in that town. For inſtance, he urges that Pyle Street is the corruption of pylum, a gate, or port. Within the paſt hundred years Pyle Street was the one way out of Newport towards Ryde, by means of the ford at the bottom of that ſtreet. Mr. Kell maintains, obſcurely however, that Lugley Street is from lux; while Crocker Street reminds him of crocus—yellow. Much more rational is his argument to the effect that Scarrot's Lane is from *ſcarroſus*, rough.

The exiſting architecture of the caſtle may be divided into three diſtinct periods. The firſt is Saxon, and includes part of the keep containing fragments which it has been demonſtrated muſt be of 1,200 years antiquity. To this ſucceeds the architecture of the Norman Conqueſt, about which time the area of the caſtle appears to have been much extended. The final period is referable to the reign of Elizabeth, when in anticipa-

tion of the inimical poſition Spain was evidently about to take up, all the lateſt advances in fortification and defence were rapidly applied to this important ſtronghold. Theſe additions chiefly took the ſhape of outworks, and modifications of the outer angles of the walls, and reſulted in bringing the circumference of the fortreſs up to three quarters of a mile, the whole encloſing an area of about twenty acres.

The touriſt reaches Cariſbrook Caſtle from Newport by the Mall, and croſſing the brook, which together with *caer*, a ſtronghold, gives the name to the caſtle, he is at liberty to aſcend the ſteep road which leads to it.

By the way, it was in this brook that a ſcion of royalty a year or ſo back took an unexpected bath. The Prince Arthur, accompanying other members of the royal family, was at this point, the interſection of the road and brook, thrown from his pony, fortunately to have his fall broken by a plaſh in the ſhallow water.

"And is there anything elſe remarkable about the brook?" we aſk.

"Oh, yes," ſays our informant, who, living ſo near the great ſhow place, Cariſbrook, is neceſſarily ſomewhat in the nature of a guide—"Oh, yes, when there is rain the brook here where we ſtand is worth ſeeing, for the water coming down from Cariſbrook is chalky white, the rain from the road is yellow with gravel, and the brook comes down from the lake bright as before, and 'tis ſtrange to ſee how they battle before they mix."

Reaching the gateway, having got paſt the pickets in the way of greedy pioneers and boys with horrid gritty landſcapes, made from the beautiful ſands of Alum Bay, the touriſt finds himſelf under the ſhadow of the gateway of Elizabeth's time. The guide-books tell you that you can ſee the letters

E. R., and the date 1598 on the outer walls. Recent years have fretted theſe evidences from the face of the building. Now croſſing the ſtone bridge which ſpans the moat—a rare expanſe of which the flora of Wight avails itſelf to luxuriate at pleaſure, we reach a heavy gateway, grooved for portcullis, and cloſed with the ancient iron-ſtudded gates, now haſtening faſt to decay. The touriſt may have read that the eſcutcheon of the Woodville family is to be ſeen over the gateway. Certainly it requires good eyes to ſee this heraldry. The eſcutcheon and the white roſe of the houſe of York, once carved on theſe walls, have long ſince been peeled by froſt and time from the ſurface of the ſtone.

An echoing knock brings a well-dreſſed janitor to the door, who admits you ſilently to the interior of the building. To the left, and up a few broken ſteps, you find what was once a ſuite of apartments. There are ſtill the remains of fire-places and chimneys, which might be put to uſe. They long ſince grew cold. Theſe crumbling ſtones are all that remain of the rooms in which Charles I. paſſed ſome of the bitter months which preceded his more bitter end. The guide points out a window as that from which the king tried to eſcape. Hillier however, maintains that the true window "was blocked up in after alterations, but is nevertheleſs eaſily recogniſable on the exterior of the wall, looking from the moat, as it nearly adjoins the only buttreſs on that ſide of the caſtle."

The hiſtory of Charles Stuart is told by Gilpin. He ſays:—"Colonel Hammond, into whoſe power Charles threw himſelf, was then governor of the Iſle of Wight. He ſeems to have been a man of humanity,* and while his hands were untied to

* One authority however, ſtates that Hammond was prepared to ſhoot the king while trying to eſcape, had Charles ſucceeded in paſſing the window of his dungeon.

have been diſpoſed to ſhow the king every civility in his power. Charles took his exerciſe on horſe-back where he pleaſed, though his motions were probably obſerved; and as the Parliament had granted him £5,000 a year, he lived for a few months in ſomething like royal ſtate.

"But this liberty was very ſoon abridged. His chaplains and ſervants were firſt taken from him; then his going abroad in the iſland gave offence; and ſoon after his intercourſe with anybody but thoſe ſet about him was checked. So ſolitary was his confinement, during a greater part of this time, that as he was ſtanding one day near the gate of the caſtle with Sir Philip Warwick, he pointed to an old decrepit man walking acroſs one of the courts, and ſaid, 'That man is ſent every morning to light my fire, and he is the beſt companion I have had for many months.'

"All this ſevere ill-uſage Charles bore with patience and equanimity, and endeavoured as much as poſſible, to keep his mind employed. He had ever been impreſſed with ſerious thoughts of religion, which his misfortunes had now ſtrengthened and confirmed. Devotion, meditation, and ſtudy of the Scriptures, were his great conſolation. The few books he had brought with him to the caſtle were chiefly on religious ſubjects, or of a ſerious caſt. Among them was 'Hooker's Eccleſiaſtical Polity.' This book, it is probable, he had ſtudied with great attention, as it related much to the national queſtion of that time, in which no man was better verſed. In his ſlender catalogue we find alſo two books of amuſement: Taſſo's 'Jeruſalem,' and Spenſer's 'Faery Queen.'

"His exerciſe was now much abridged. As horſe exerciſe was refuſed, he ſpent two or three hours every morning in walking on the caſtle ramparts. Here he enjoyed at leaſt a fine air, and an extenſive proſpect; though every object he ſaw, the flocks

ſtraying careleſſly on one ſide, and the ſhips ſailing freely on the other, put him in mind of that liberty of which he was ſo cruelly deprived. In the mean time, he was totally careleſs of his perſon; he let his beard and hair grow, and was inattentive to his dreſs.

"During the time of his impriſonment in Cariſbrook Caſtle, three attempts were made, chiefly by the gentlemen of the iſland, to reſcue him. Lord Clarendon gives us the detail of two of them; but a third, which he had heard of, he ſuppoſes to be a mere fiction. As it is mentioned however, in the Worſley papers, with every mark of authenticity, and as one of the principal conductors of it was a gentleman of that family, there ſeems to be little doubt of its being a fact. The following is an abſtract of it:—

"By a correſpondence privately ſettled with ſome gentlemen in the iſland, it was agreed that the king ſhould let himſelf down by a cord from a window of his apartment. A ſwift horſe with a guide, was to wait for him at the bottom of the ramparts; and a veſſel in the offing was to be ready to convey him where he pleaſed. The chief difficulty was how the king ſhould get through the iron bars of his window. But Charles aſſured them he had tried the paſſage, and did not doubt but it was ſufficiently large. But on the ſign being given, and the king beginning the attempt, he ſoon found he had made a falſe calculation. Having protruded his head and ſhoulders, he could get no farther; and what was worſe, he could not draw himſelf back. His friends at the bottom heard him groan in his diſtreſs, but were unable to relieve him. At length however, by repeated efforts, he got himſelf diſengaged; but made at that time no further attempt. Afterwards he contrived to ſaw the bars of his window aſunder: and another ſcheme was laid; but the particulars of this Lord Clarendon details.

"The treaty of Newport ſoon after followed; after which Charles was ſeized by the army, and carried a priſoner to Hurſt Caſtle. In his way thither he met Mr. Worſley, one of the gentlemen who riſked his life for him at Cariſbrook. Charles wrung his hand with affection, and pulling his watch out of his pocket, gave it to him, ſaying, 'That is all my gratitude has to give.'

"This watch is ſtill preſerved in the family. It is of ſilver, large and clumſy in its form. The case is neatly ornamented with filigree; but the movements are of very ordinary workmanſhip, and wound up with catgut."

To return to the caſtle. On the right upon entering may be ſeen the ruins of a chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas, built during the laſt century upon the ſite of the original chapel founded by Fitz-Oſbert.

The *Bowling Green*, or *Tilt Yard*, which now comes into view, was conſtructed by Hammond for the uſe of the impriſoned King. This bowling green is as perfect at this moment as though it had only been laid down a year or two ſince; as perfect as when Charles played upon it; as when his daughter Elizabeth, who delighted in bowls, rolled her laſt bowl over the ſmooth graſs.

Before the touriſt, as he enters the caſtle yard, are the governor's apartments, of which the following account is given in the *Builder*:—"The plain, indeed the ſomewhat ugly manſion which faces you as you enter, appears to have been modernised out of the original *Hall*, and divided into two ſtories. It was formerly connected with the keep by a ſtrong wall. During the recent repairs—ably directed by Mr. Hardwicke, the architect—many intereſting details, hitherto concealed, have been diſcovered. A ſtalwart chimney, and one of the ancient windows on the ſide oppoſite to the keep, may now

be ſeen. The *ſmaller* of the *two* chapels which once exiſted within the caſtle precincts—the chapel erected by Iſabella de Fortibus—has been brought to light. The ſide window remains, and the beautiful arcade on both ſides, but of the eaſt window there is no trace but the poſition of the ſill; it is now occupied by the great ſtaircaſe which Lord Cutts put up when he repaired the governor's reſidence."

And it is adjoining this modernised manſion, where now live the cuſtodians, and on the left, that the grandeſt remains of the caſtle are to be ſeen. The great room, probably once a banqueting hall, is vaſt in ſize, and here it is that Her Majeſty takes a picnic tea when ſhe viſits the place. The woodwork is ſtill ſound, and the plaſter being very white offers an irreſiſtible temptation to touriſts to inſcribe their names, which ſwarm over the walls of this part of the caſtle.

In one caſe however, a foreigner, with ſome artiſtic power, has drawn a coat-of-arms and a motto high upon the wall. The arms are compoſed of a Malteſe croſs upon a curtain. The motto, *Un pour Tous—Tous pour Un.* Done heavily in crayon, the deſign ſtarts out upon the bareneſs of the long melancholy room, with an intenſity which at once arreſts attention.

On another part of the wall may be found theſe lines:—

"See how the mighty ſhrink into a ſong."—Byron.

"Ye who may ramble round theſe crumbling walls,
See in what way grim ruin is appeaſed;
Now baniſhed are the boiſterous feſtivals,
The giddy dance, and they whom it hath pleased,
And deſolation ſtalketh, heart diſeaſed;
And ſee how folly's revelry is flown,
Leaving behind an emptineſs, increaſed
By the dull dropping of ſome crumbling ſtone.
The plaſter name-aſſailed, and they who ſcribbled gone."

A witty Frenchman has pronounced upon the many names of unknowns to be found here as follows, on a conſpicuous part of the wall:—

"Les noms des fous
On trouve partout."

By a handſome ſtaircaſe, the viſitor after leaving the great hall, reaches a ſuite of rooms, ending in a bay window. But it is not to ſee theſe that he aſcends; it is to peer into the room in which died the hapleſs Princeſs Elizabeth, the innocent victim, cruſhed between a king and a people in antagoniſm. It is a low ſquare room, lit by the one window under which the princeſs was found dead—a deſolate dungeon, and the bedroom of a princeſs. Doubtleſs the poor child was impriſoned in this room becauſe of its ſafety and ſecluſion. There was no window from which an attempt could be made to eſcape, and the room was far away from the outer walls of the caſtle. The flooring is now ſo dangerous that the viſitor is not allowed to go beyond the gateway; and one experiences a ſtrange ſenſe of intruſion when looking in at the door. Between the parted walls and ceiling the ivy has crept in to look upon the ſcene. It is pale, ſickly-looking, ſtraggling—indeed the young impriſoned ivy is ſingularly typical of the impriſonment of Elizabeth Stuart, whoſe ſweet features in marble are to be ſeen in the new church of St. Thomas à Becket, at Newport.

It is almoſt a relief to quit this part of the caſtle, and get once more out into the open-air again.

And here, round the corner, is the celebrated well-houſe. Who has not heard of the wonderful well of Cariſbrook Caſtle? of fabulous depth, and the water of which is rather expenſively drawn up by a donkey, kept to that end. This well is comparatively modern, for tradition ſpeaks of the well in the keep, which as the citadel to which the beſieged would retreat in

caſe of neceſſity, had to be provided with water, happen what might. The well-houſe of the more modern well was built in the fifteenth century, but it has been reſtored and repaired within the laſt ten years.

Knight ſays, "One of the moſt curious things in the caſtle is *the* other well, which is above 300 feet deep. The viſitor is ſhown into the well-houſe (near the entrance); and while he is noticing the ſingular appearance of the room, one ſide of which is occupied by an enormous wooden wheel, a ſmall lamp is lighted; and after being told to mark the time that elapſes before a glaſs of water that is thrown down ſtrikes againſt the bottom of the well, the lamp is lowered by means of a ſmall windlaſs, making, as he watches its deſcent, a circle of light continually leſſening till the lamp is ſeen to float on the ſurface of the water, at a depth that makes him almoſt dizzy. A grave old donkey is then introduced, who quietly walks into the huge treadwheel, which he anon begins to turn—as curs in days of yore turned ſpits—whereby the bucket is lowered and drawn up again, which feat being accompliſhed, Jacob very ſoberly walks out again."

Common honeſty compels us to ſtate that the well is not ſo deep as here ſtated to be. Incluſive of the water varying from 30 to 40 feet, the depth is not more than 200. Some extraordinary tales are told of the longevity of the donkeys uſed in the well-houſe. Several are ſpoken of as having worked through twenty-ſix years; and an old authority ſpeaks of an animal which died in 1771, after having drawn innumerable buckets of water during the forty-ſeven years through which it is ſtated his induſtry laſted.

We are bound to confeſs, that from enquiries made on the ſpot, we found that the average duration of a donkey's pilgrimage in the wheel is about ten years. And, furthermore, we

may ſtate that the donkey of this period (1868) ſhowed in our preſence great intelligence by a very decided diſinclination to get into the hollow drum, and a ſtronger diſinclination when he had been perſuaded thereto, to move on.

By the way, one of the donkeys of the dynaſty was a penſioner of the Duke of Glouceſter, uncle of George III., who ſettled on it an annuity of a penny loaf a day; a bounty which it enjoyed for many years.

As for the water, it is worth a journey to the Iſle of Wight to drink it. So pure is this ſparkling natural champagne, that its freſhneſs renders it a medicinal water then and there.

And now the eye falls upon the moſt pictureſque flight of ſteps (a maſs of beautiful broken lines—tree-ſhadow and ſunſhine) that can be found even in an old Engliſh caſtle. 'Tis exquiſite. The guide books give the exact number of ſteps, 72, and if you count them you will find that the flight is one ſhort. This is the way to the keep, the vital point of the caſtle in the middle ages, when the beacon was lighted, and the look-out rigorouſly kept. Implacable time has left his mark upon it. The well is choked up, the terrace is bramble-grown, the roof fallen in, and yet it is only three hundred years ſince moſt of theſe turrets and look-outs were built. They are due to the dread of the Spaniſh Armada, and the genius of Genobella, an Italian engineer, who took for his model the fortifications of Antwerp, a city which had had much experience in fighting. That keep, which is now ſo quiet, was alive with hundreds of willing workers while the panic laſted. Elizabeth contributed £4,000, the gentry of the iſland £400—not a great ſum, ſeeing what vital intereſts they had in the operations—and every man in the iſland gave his labours to it. The keep and caſtle have been invaded at laſt. The daws and touriſts have beſieged it, and thy hold poſſeſſion of the ſtronghold ſtill.

It is poſſible to make almoſt the circuit of the caſtle by means of the old ramparts, now narrow and weed-grown, yet ſtill as firm as when firſt laid—nay, firmer. Time is eating away the caſtle at its edges, beautifully rounding and dimpling its face, but it has not yet torn its walls aſunder.

Leaving the caſtle, it is well to wander down to Cariſbrook church, a noble ſpecimen of Early Engliſh. The cure is a vicarage, beſtowed by Charles II. upon Queen's College, Oxford, and is worth over a thouſand a year. This church has a rival in the pariſh called *St. Nicholas within the Caſtle*, a mere ſinecure (in the gift of the governor), and therefore worth having, although only of the annual value of £24.

The bells of Cariſbrook are eight, and very beautiful. The church contains one of thoſe monuments which have ceaſed to be added to in our time. It was raiſed to one Captain William Keeling; he is repreſented ſitting on the deck of a ſhip, with a crown of glory over him. *Fides* (Faith) is written on the ſail; on the compaſs, *Verbum Dei* (the Word of God); and on the anchor, *Spes* (Hope). The inſcription below the ſhip informs us that he died in 1619. It thus quaintly concludes:—

"Fortie and *two* years in this veſſel frail,
On the rough ſea of life did Keeling ſail;
A merchant fortunate, a captain bould,
A courtier gracious, yet alas! not old.
Such wealth, experience, honor, and high praiſe,
Few winne in twice ſo manie years or daies;
But what the world admired he deemed droſſe,
For Chriſt—without Chriſt all his gains but loſſe;
For him and his dear love, with merrie cheere,
To the *Holy Land* his laſt courſe he did ſteere;
Faith ſerved for ſails—the *Sacred Word* for card,
Hope was his anchor, *Glory* his reward;
And thus with gales of grace, by happy venter
Thro' *ſtraits* of Death—Heaven's *harbor* he did enter!"

In quitting Carisbrook, let us do the parliamentarians justice by saying that there is no honest evidence to show that it was ever in contemplation to apprentice the Princess Elizabeth to a button-maker at Newport, while in reference to the cause of her death, a recent examination of the remains proves that her end was a result of such natural constitutional decay as no treatment could have arrested. We cannot do better than end this chapter with a copy of the princess's account of her last interview with her ill-fated father.

"*What the king said to me 29th of January last, being the last time I had the happiness to see him.*

"He told me that he was glad I was come, for, though he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he wished to say to me, which he could not to another, and he had feared 'the cruelty' was too great to permit his writing. 'But sweetheart,' he added, 'thou wilt forget what I tell thee.' Then shedding abundance of tears, I told him I would write down all he said to me. 'He wished me,' he said, 'not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die, it being for the laws and religion of the land.' He told me what books to read against Popery. He said, that 'he had forgiven all his enemies, and he hoped God would forgive them also;' and he commanded us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters to forgive them also. Above all, he bade me tell my mother that 'his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love for her would be the same to the last;' withal, he commanded me and my brother to love her, and be obedient to her. He desired me 'not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr; and that he doubted not but God would restore the throne to his son, and that then we should be all happier than we possibly could have been, if he had lived;' with many other things, which I cannot remember.

"Then, taking my brother Glouceſter on his knee, he ſaid, 'Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father's head;' upon which the child looked very ſteadfaſtly upon him. 'Heed, my child, what I ſay; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king. But mark what I ſay: you muſt not be a king as long as your brothers Charles and James live; therefore I charge you, do not be made king by them.' At which the child, ſighing deeply, replied, 'I will be torn in pieces firſt.' And theſe words coming from ſo young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly; and his majeſty ſpoke to him of the welfare of his ſoul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God and He would provide for him. All which the young child earneſtly promiſed.

"His majeſty alſo bid me ſend his bleſſing to the reſt of my brothers and ſiſters. So after giving me his bleſſing, I took my leave."

And ſo we take leave of Cariſbrook.

"Time, by his gradual touch,
Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
Was only terrible."

Environs of Cariſbrook and Newport.

NEWPORT having been one of the firſt towns in Engliſh hiſtory to diſcover the value of extra-mural burial, it is quite natural to find that its garriſon, its priſon, and its union, or rather Houſe of Induſtry (a far leſs formidable title), are all ſituated outſide the town. The priſon was the outgrowth of the barracks, which, eſtabliſhed at Parkhurſt, a mile and a half from Newport, in 1798, were named after the ſite, until they were changed to the Albany, in honour of the commander-in-chief, the Duke of York and Albany. It is ſaid that the arrangements at theſe barracks are only ſurpaſſed by the ſyſtem in operation at Woolwich. There is accommodation for about 2,000 men.

It was only ſo late as 1838 that the priſon was eſtabliſhed. The ſcheme was for the formation of a reformatory for juvenile offenders. In fact, this jail was one of the very earlieſt reformatories organiſed. A ſecond priſon, for adult offenders, was

afterwards added. Theſe together offer accommodation for 700 priſoners, which is, however, rarely accepted by more than 400 at any one time. The ſyſtem in uſe in both priſons is rather conciliatory than coercive, and it has been attended with really ſatisfactory reſults. The endeavour to counteract crime through the medium of education has here had a marked ſucceſs.

The trio of public buildings at Parkhurſt is completed by the Houſe of Induſtry, which, eſtabliſhed in 1790, is conducted under a local act. There can be little doubt that the ſyſtem purſued here, as the name indicates, is one which anticipated the ſcheme which in recent years has been gradually and ſucceſsfully applied to the workhouſes of England—a ſcheme which endeavours to make the union ſyſtem in ſome degree ſelf-ſupporting. The Houſe of Induſtry will contain 700 gueſts, but, like its neighbour, the priſon, is rarely patronized by more than 400. It is ſurrounded by a garden farm of eighty acres, which is kept in good order by the inmates; the younger of whom are taught various trades in ſhops forming part of the eſtabliſhment, the produce of the manufactured goods from which forms not a ſmall item in the income of the place.

Thorne ſays of the adjacent ſcenery:—"The country around Cariſbrook is very lovely. There are delicious green lanes, where the trees interlace overhead and form an exquiſite roof to the informal avenue; there are again lone farm-houſes, ſhaded by lofty ſpreading elms, and environed by broad tilths of wheat; little playful brooks running wild among the alder ſpotted meadows, and downy heights with wide-ſpread proſpects, and ſhadowy copſes, peopled only by the merry ſong-birds. You might roam about here for weeks, and not exhauſt the affluence of gentle paſtoral lovelineſs."

Newtown is ſome miles from Newport, but to the politician it is worth a muſing viſit. An extract from an old account of the Iſle of Wight will give an idea of what Newtown was:—"This town derives its name from the circumſtance of its being rebuilt after its deſtruction by the French in the reign of Richard the Second. It is very ſmall, reduced to about a dozen *cottages*, though it was formerly of conſiderable extent, and it is deemed to be one of the moſt ancient places in the iſland. The town-hall ſtands on an eminence overlooking the harbour. In the principal room are oaken chairs, curiouſly carved in the time of Queen Beſs of proſperous memory. It is a chapelry to the mother church. The haven is the beſt in the iſland. At high water veſſels of conſiderable tonnage may ride there with the utmoſt ſafety. The town has a corporation of mayor and burgeſſes; but what is ſomewhat remarkable, this body does not conſiſt of the inhabitants, but of the proprietors of certain tenures, which entitle them to a vote in the election of two members of parliament. Thus like Old Sarum, it has its portion in the legiſlature of Great Britain."

Now Newtown is what it ſhould be. The Reform Act ſwept it away nearly forty years ſince. It is a little faded, ſleepy, broken-down village. And once it was the chief place on the iſland, and returned two members to Parliament.

And while at Newport the viſitor ſhould give an hour to Gatcomb, for in its church, dedicated to St. Olave, is to be found, on the north ſide of the chancel, the figure of a man carved in wood, which is called the old wooden ſaint, but is probably a repreſentation of one of the family of the Liſles. In fact, the figure is that of a Knight Templar, very remarkable from being accompanied by a dwarf winged angel, or good genius, watching at the ſhoulder; the idea of which moſt certainly came from the Eaſt with the Cruſaders.

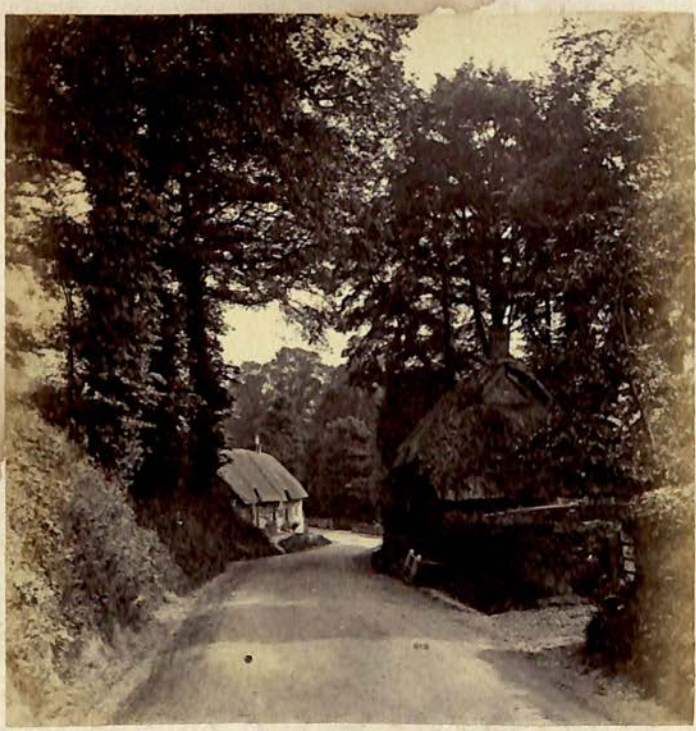
SHORWELL.

Shorwell.

LEAVING Blackgang behind him, the tourist may now take the military road which runs in a direct line to Freſhwater. It is a deſolate road. War having fortunately been abſent, the weeds have ſprung up apace, and one ſhall find thiſtles ſix feet in height. Such a ſight would be a melancholy one were the road a road of peace; but being what it is, a highway of war, may the thiſtles flouriſh! As a mere means of communication, nothing can be more objectionable than this military road. Walking on ſhingle were far preferable. Certainly in parts this ſtructure riſes to the heroic. Some of the viaducts over the chines which cut it at right angles are almoſt Roman in their ſcope and ſtyle.

If we break away from this direct but ſtony highway, and face to the right, we ſhall reach the charming village of Shorwell, a perfect neſt of ruralities.

Shorwell is the paradiſe of ſhady lanes, while its church—not very important in itſelf, although it contains one or two intereſting braſſes—is rendered charming by its ſetting of trees. In the high noon of ſummer one has never far to go to find ſhade in Shorwell. It is a village park. In addition to the church, our artiſt has choſen for illuſtration one of theſe Shorwell lanes—its moſſy banks thick with ferns and flowers, and the branches meeting overhead.



LANE AT SHORWELL.

FRESHWATER BAY.

Freſhwater.

FRESHWATER, rendered famous by the reſidence of the poet Tennyſon, is the moſt rural of the great ſea-bathing points in the iſland—its trelliſed houſes are a ſight to ſee.

Moſt people who viſit Freſhwater aſk for the houſe of the poet. It is ſo buried in trees that it cannot be ſeen except by treſpaſſing, of which it is ſaid the poet ſo bitterly complains that he had it ſome time ſince in contemplation to quit the iſland. But we venture to ſuppoſe that many of thoſe who may be ſuddenly eſpied from Farringford ſtrolling up the ſweep to the houſe, are not ſo much treſpaſſers as unintentional offenders, who find the gate open, and take the road for a public one, the poet not having put up an intimation that the grounds are private.

"And have you ever ſeen Mr. Tennyſon?" we aſk a little girl.

"Oh yes, Sir. He goes about by himſelf in the lanes, with a great big brown hat on."

But to return to the deſcription of Freſhwater Bay and Cliffs. An old authority ſays:—"Theſe cliffs are remarkable for the prodigious numbers of aquatic birds which frequent them, more particularly reſorting there from May to Auguſt, to depoſit their eggs amongſt the crevices between the ſhelving ſtrata, at a great height, and yet conſiderably below the ſummit of theſe perpendicular precipices. Here many perſons of the neighbourhood annually riſk their lives in the terrific adventure of taking the eggs, which are much eſteemed, and deſtroying the birds to obtain the feathers, which are of the ſoft quality called eider. A dozen birds generally yield one pound weight of ſoft feathers, for which the merchants give eightpence; the carcaſſes are bought by the fiſhermen at ſixpence per dozen, for the purpoſe of baiting their crab-pots.

"An iron crow is firmly driven into the ground at the ſummit, and a ſtout rope turned round it: the adventurer placing himſelf aſtride a piece of wood, ſuſpended by one end of the rope, and faſtening or lowering at pleaſure, the other part of the rope, by letting it ſlip over the iron, he thus deſcends gradually to whatever point of the precipice he wiſhes to explore; and in the end aſcends in the ſame manner, or is drawn up by his confederates; raiſing in the breaſt of the ſpectator tremendous ſenſations!

"An awful example of danger attending this adventure has this year occurred: an artillery ſoldier, from one of the neighbouring barracks, without experience, and it ſhould ſeem without proper caution, attempted it alone, and is ſuppoſed to have neglected to faſten the rope about his body; however this might be, he was ſeen by the party at the ſignal-houſe to fall headlong, daſhing from crag to crag; and his mutilated remains were found a horrible ſpectacle among the rocks at the bottom of the cliff."

A later account gives the following liſt of various birds to be

ſeen on theſe rocks in May, June, and July:—Puffins, gulls, cormorants, choughs, eider ducks, auks, divers, guillemots, razor bills, widgeons, willocks, daws, ſtarlings, and pigeons.

Recent touriſts (ourſelves amongſt the number) have watched in June and July for theſe birds, and ſeen not a ſpecimen. Thus it is that one traveller and another differ ſo widely.

Freſhwater Cave can only be entered at low water; it is an excavation made beneath a lofty cliff, by the conſtant aſſaults of the ſea; the entrance is rather narrow, but the depth is forty yards. This cave, opening under the cliff, expands into a marine grotto of conſiderable dimenſions, and forms an intereſting and impreſſive object to the curious traveller. A ſlight pier of chalk divides the mouth of the cave into two unequal arches, beyond the ſmaller of which is another of the ſame ſize. The principal arch is between twenty and thirty feet in height.

The ſea-view from the upper part of the cave, with its wild fore-ground, formed by large fragments of the rock, which lie ſcattered before the ſpectator, is ſtrikingly beautiful. Through the leſſer opening are ſeen the oppoſite cliffs of Freſhwater Bay; while the main arch diſplays a wide expanſe of ocean, and in the diſtance, the noble ſummit of St. Catherine's Hill. The floor of the cave is a clear pebbly beach, ſtrewn with maſſes of the rock of every ſize and ſhape.

Another of the curioſities is the arched rock which ſtands on the eaſtern ſide of the bay. It is a very large maſs of chalk, which has been originally part of the cliff, but now ſtands inſulated in the ſea, ſome ſix hundred feet from it. The ſame power that deſtroyed the intervening cliff has beaten a way through this rock, in the ſhape of a rude Gothic arch; the ſurface of the rock is ſtrangely worn and ſhattered: it has altogether a curious appearance, which is conſiderably increaſed if the ſea-fowl be diſturbed that rooſt about its ledges in vaſt

numbers. There is another, but more lumpiſh maſs riſing out of the ſea at a little diſtance from the Arched Rock.

And now you can mount the cliffs, and continue along their ſummit to the Needles. The walk is a moſt exhilarating one. The view acroſs the ſea is glorious, and the balmy breezes come over the wide waters with that delightful freſhneſs which is never felt but in wandering along the lofty hills that riſe at once from the broad ocean. The Downs are open, and only employed for grazing ſheep; you may therefore make your own path over them, as the lighthouſe is a ſufficient landmark. The cliffs here riſe precipitouſly from the ſea; and they are the higheſt chalk cliffs in the kingdom. At High Down they attain an altitude of above ſix hundred feet. Samphire grows abundantly on theſe cliffs, and is in common uſe as a pickle among the poorer claſſes.

The lighthouſe, which originally ſtood on the brow of the hill above the Needles, has recently been removed to the baſe of one of the rocks, as ſhown in our illuſtration. In its place is one of thoſe forts, now diſagreeably numerous on the iſland, which were built in conſequence of the invaſion panic a few years ago. Permiſſion is readily given to paſs through the fort to the extreme point of the iſland, whence there is an excellent view to be obtained of Scratchell's Cave and Bay.

SCRATCHELL'S BAY.

Scratchell's Bay.

OF this beautiful ſpot Mantell ſays:—"The pure white chalk of Scratchell's Bay is compoſed of lime and carbonic acid. It diſſolves rapidly in hydro-chloric acid, and leaves only a ſlight reſiduum conſiſting of ſilex and organic matter. A microſcopical examination ſhows it to be a mere aggregation of ſhells and corals, ſo minute that upwards of a million are contained in a cubic inch of chalk. The amorphous particles appear to be the detritus of ſimilar ſtructures. Theſe organiſms, for the moſt part, are the calcareous ſhields and chambered ſhells of the animalcules, termed *foraminifera*, which ſwarm in inconceivable numbers in our preſent ſeas, and are daily and hourly contributing to the amount of ſediment now forming in the bed of the ocean. The nodules and veins of flint that are ſo abundant in the upper chalk, have probably been produced by the agency of heated water and vapours. The perfect fluidity of the ſiliceous matter before its conſolidation is proved, not only by the ſharp moulds

and impreſſions of ſhells retained by the flints, but also by the preſence of numerous organic bodies in the ſubſtance of the nodular maſſes, and the ſilicified condition of the ſponges and other zoophytes, which ſwarm in ſome of the cretaceous ſtrata.

"Although ſilex, or the earth of flint, is inſoluble in water at the ordinary temperature, its ſolution readily takes place in vapour heated a little above that of caſt iron; and this has been proved by actual experiment. Similar effects are being produced at the preſent moment by natural cauſes. The ſiliceous depoſits formed by the intermittent boiling fountains, called the geyſers, in Iceland, are well known; and in New Zealand this phenomenon is exhibited on a ſtill larger ſcale.

"The moſt ſtupendous line of chalk cliffs in this diſtrict is that termed the Main-bench. Then follows Scratchell's Bay, which is terminated by the Needles. The aſpect of this bay is romantic in the extreme. In the face of the cliff, from the deſtruction of the lower beds of the bent ſtrata, a magnificent arch, 300 feet high, has been produced, and forms an alcove that overhangs the beach 150 feet.

"The well-known pinnacles of chalk, called The Needles, are iſolated maſſes at the extreme weſtern point of the middle range of downs, which have been produced by the decompoſition and wearing away of the rock in the direction of the joints or fiſſures by which the ſtrata are traverſed. The angular or wedge-ſhaped form of theſe rocks has reſulted from the highly-inclined northward dip of the beds of which they are compoſed."

To the late Sir Henry Engleſield belongs the great merit of having firſt obſerved and directed attention to the intereſting phenomena occaſioned by this diſruption and elevation of the eocene and cretaceous formations, which are ſo remarkably displayed in the Iſle of Wight; namely, the vertical poſition of the ſtrata, and the ſhattered condition of the flint nodules, though

ſtill embedded in the ſolid rock. Theſe appearances are very readily examined at Scratchell's Bay. The chalk forms parallel beds or ſtrata, varying from two to five feet in thickneſs, which are commonly ſeparated by layers of flint nodules, embedded at irregular diſtances from each other. There are alſo a few nodules diſperſed indiſcriminately in the maſs. The dip of the inclined ſtrata is in general from 70° to 80°, but many beds in the iſle are quite vertical. The paralleliſm of the cretaceous ſtrata, and the abſence of ſand, gravel, and other coarſe detritus, denote that the depoſition of theſe calcareous ſediments took place in tranquil water, and remote from ſea-cliffs and ſhores. Where a large extent of the cliff is expoſed, the face of the chalk is ſeen to be traverſed by fiſſures or joints at right angles to the planes of ſtratification.

Upon carefully extricating a flint nodule from this cliff, it retains its original form. But upon examination it will be found ſhattered in every direction, and broken into pieces varying in ſize from three inches in diameter down to the minuteſt fragment, and even into an impalpable powder. The flints thus ſhattered, as if by a blow of inconceivable force, retain their form and poſition in the bed. The chalk cloſely inveſts them on every ſide, and until removed nothing different from other flints can be perceived, except fine lines indicating the fracture, as in broken glaſs. But when moved, they fall at once to pieces. The fragments are as ſharp as poſſible, and quite irregular, being certainly not the effect of any peculiar cryſtallization or internal arrangement of the material, but ſolely attributable to external violence.

Sir Henry Engleſield concludes that this ſhattered condition of the flints has ariſen from the concuſſion cauſed by the upheaval and diſruption of the once horizontal depoſits.

No one ſhould miſs Scratchell's Bay. The clearneſs of the

water here is marvellous, while the ſcene, as viewed from the back of the cave, and framed in by its height, is magnificent. Only under theſe circumſtances are the Needles ſeen at their beſt. Here "veins of rock, ſhooting from the cliffs, run to a length that cannot be aſcertained, terminating in the ſea. At a diſtance they appear like water pipes, and on examination, are found to conſiſt, in the middle, of a vein of black rock, covered with an incruſtation of iron. The ſhape of theſe veins is ſingular, but very regular and pointed; they dart into the ſea among the other rocks, which form the entrance of Freſhwater Cave. The Needle Cave is 300 feet deep."

Yarmouth.

A FEW words concerning Yarmouth, and we ſhall have ſpoken of every place of importance on the coaſt of this iſland. From Yarmouth you mark Hurſt Caſtle, almoſt an iſland of itſelf, where Charles I. was confined when the Parliamentarians feared that the fallen king might eſcape from the Iſle of Wight if he were not removed from Cariſbrook.

Even an inhabitant of the iſle, and one of its devoted ſons, can find nothing better to ſay of Yarmouth than this:—"The only place of any importance in the weſt of the iſland is Yarmouth, which is ten miles diſtant from Newport. The number of inhabitants in the town and pariſh is 650. The town of Yarmouth, which was anciently called *Eremuth*, is of conſiderable antiquity, and contains ſeveral ſtreets of well-built houſes; one of which, at the north-weſt corner of the town, adjoining the quay, was built by Lord Holmes at the time he was Governor of the Iſland; and here he entertained Charles the Second when he viſited Yarmouth. It ſhared the fate of

Newtown in the firſt year of Richard II., having been deſtroyed by the French in 1377. In the time of Edward the Third, Yarmouth was one of the licenſed ports. There is not much buſineſs carried on in the town; but veſſels occaſionally bring up in the roads, if the wind prevents their getting round the Needles. It was formerly much larger, as the ſites of ſeveral old ſtreets can be clearly traced."

The Yarmouth boatmen are celebrated for pluck, and it is pleaſant to ſee them actively preparing to go to ſea. We are watching a light-built cutter preparing to run out from the harbour, when one who has been a good ſailor in the heyday of youth, but who is now old, takes his place at our elbow. The men miſcalculate, and in trying to make the mouth of the harbour, the boat is ſent a point or two to leeward, and her bow is ſplintered upon certain ſtone-work.

"Ha!" we ſay, "thought ſhe would ſtrike the wall."

"Wall, Sir," ſays the diſguſted tar at our ſide, "that's the CASTLE."

A wall, we declare, not much higher than the quays, and this is the celebrated Yarmouth Caſtle, built by Henry VIII. It looks like the back-yard of the George Inn, a fine, handſome Elizabethan building, once the reſidence of Sir Robert Holmes.

Says one of the authorities:—"The caſtle is ſituated on the extreme point of land on the eaſt ſide of the Yar; it was erected by Henry VIII., on the ſite of a church which had recently been deſtroyed by the French. The expenſes of its buildings were defrayed out of the religious houſes which that monarch diſſolved. The fortification conſiſts of a platform with eight guns, which commands the narrow channel between the town and Hurſt Caſtle. To the northward of the caſtle is a platform with large guns." It was much ſtrengthened in 1855.

"The firſt charter of franchiſe was granted to the town by

Baldwin, Earl of Devonſhire, and Lord of the Iſle of Wight, in 1135, the 36th year of the reign of Henry I., and it was confirmed by Edward I., Henry VI., Edward IV., and Queen Elizabeth. It was re-incorporated by James I., in the year 1608, the ſeventh year of his reign. This borough ſent two members to Parliament; a privilege it firſt exerciſed the 23rd of Edward I., in 1304, and was the firſt town in the iſland ſelected for that honour. It is a curious fact that although ſeveral writs were afterwards directed to Yarmouth, it does not appear that any members were returned until the 27th of Elizabeth (1584), when it was again ſummoned, ſince which time it has been regularly repreſented until 1832, when, by the paſſing of the Reform Act, it was disfranchiſed.

"The elective franchiſe was veſted in the Mayor and Corporation. The greateſt number of votes polled at any election during the previous thirty years was nine. It is not neceſſary to reſide in the town or neighbourhood to enjoy the dignified and honourable office of Mayor."

Yarmouth is one of the towns where the carol lingers upon New-year's day, the children have an outing, and ſing as follows:

"Waſſail, waſſail to our town!
The cup is white and the ale is brown;
The cup is made of the aſhen tree,
And ſo is the ale of good barley.
Little maid, little maid, turn the pin,
Open the door, and let me come in.
Joy be there and joy be here,
We wiſh you all a happy New Year!"

Croſſing the harbour, we arrive at Norton, a pleaſant village on the oppoſite ſide of the river, where there are ſeveral delightful villas and cottages. A walk from here to the Downs will repay the labour by the beauty of the ſcenery. To the weſtward, on Norton Common, oppoſite to Hurſt Caſtle, are the

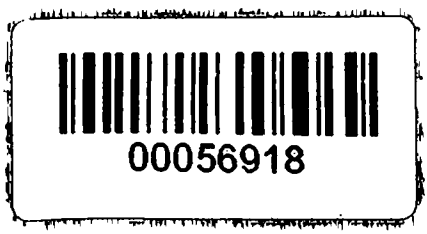
ſites of Carey's Sconce, and Worſley's Tower, two fortifications ſucceſſively erected near the ſame ſpot, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, for the defence of the narrow ſea.

At the turning of Sconce Point we reach Colwell Bay, where once again the Needles come into view.

Not far from Yarmouth is Shalfleet, celebrated for a heavy Norman church, in the graveyard of which is to be found a quaint and cynical epitaph :—

"His change I hope is for the beſt;
He is with Jeſus, or at reſt."

The church is an ancient and ſingular ſtructure. It conſiſts of a body, chancel, and ſouth aiſle, with a low tower. The north porch is of Norman architecture, embelliſhed with a rude ſculpture of a biſhop, the arms extended, and the hands reſting on animals reſembling griffins. The windows were formerly ornamented with painted glaſs; the arms of Montacute Earl of Saliſbury, and of Iſabella de Fortibus, ſtill remain in them.



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